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P. 22**



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**Outtakes from
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"Big Tit Orgy"**

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The Mail Slot

PHOTOGRAPHING "WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE"

DEAR GENT:

Your July issue was fantastic! The "Editor's Notebook" seemed to be hand-picked for me. Wow! We butt-hole lovers are always overlooked. Thanks for putting your strobe lights where the sun don't shine. I love those shots, especially when the girls look right into the camera.

Gill is really cute. The first photo on page 22 of her kneeling in bed is a real fantasy scene. That top she's got really shows off those milk puppies and her hanging photos really make her look firm. Christy Canyon is always a pleasure. Not only for the tit-lovers,

CHRISTY: a fond farewell

but for face-and leg-lovers. Of course, personally, I never tire of viewing her perfect bubble butt and puckered asshole. Page 92's upper right photo, with her panties around her ankles is my favorite.

May I please mention my sincere thanks for "Candidly Yours" Arlene. I got out the old magnifying glass and perused this kid's goodies over and over. I always enjoy the "Candidly Yours" ladies, but Arlene is the hottest girl since Bambi back in April '86. I wish you could print those photos larger. Arlene has got a really cute face, but you can't tell from something so small. Her back door photo is probably the best shot in the magazine. Everything about the shot is just

right... the bed, the dimly lit room, her sweet little toes, and that wonderful little brown eye begging for a kiss.

Maybe I'm nuts, but I've spent more time with Arlene that I have with Pauline, and I *love* Pauline. Thank you Arlene for a good time, and believe me, I'll be enjoying the view for many years to come.—T.D., New York

CUM SHOTS IN GENT? THEY COULD BE COMING

DEAR GENT:

Your August issue is destined to become a collector's item! With Miss Twin Volcanos, the ultimate black pussy, and the young-looking Michelle with her clean-shaven cunt, Barbara Alton, Nejlá, "Boob Tube" reviews, etc., it's almost more than a man can take!!!

And Patty Plenty—what a fantasy woman she is! What I'd give to have her sit on my face for an hour before turning her over to give her my own version of a pearl necklace! Which brings me to ask: are you restricted from publishing cum shots? I know that you couldn't actually show a stiff cock ejaculating onto a great set of tits or onto a beautifully madeup face. But how about just the cum itself? It wouldn't even have to be the real thing...perhaps some lotion. But it would create a great illusion.

A few months ago I was at the Pal-amino Club in Las Vegas and one of the strippers did a very hot routine...using a squeeze bottle of white lotion. As she undulated around the stage, she would hold the bottle over her and "jack it off," so to speak, squirting the white milky lotion all over her face and tits. Every guy in the place was, I would guess, coming in his pants! So, my question is: why couldn't you photograph some of your models doing similar things?

Also...(sorry to make this so long)...could you possibly list a few titles of the videos that Rose Marie has made...and where I might write to her? I know I'll never see her in GENT because she isn't really in the D-cup





PATTY: plenty of sex appeal

category...but she is one of those ladies that makes my tongue harder than usual and I would like to write to her.

Thanks for any comments you might care to make in upcoming (and I do mean coming) issues.—J.R., Minn.

Dear J.R.: Thank you for your kind comments on the August issue. We did have two photographers—Lance Kincaid and James Hamilton—experiment with simulated cum “shots” several years ago. We published photos of models rubbing “cum” into their breasts, etc., and they went largely unnoticed by our readers. However, if enough readers were to write us requesting it, we would certainly ask our photographers to include these poses in their future shoots.

As for Rose Marie, she is in two videos that were recently reviewed in GENT: “Ladies Room” (Caballero) and “Hyapatia Lee’s Sexy” (Essex Video). She also has a part in the yet to be reviewed “Caught by Surprise” (CD).

GENT’S CALENDAR: TOO HOT TO HANDLE

DEAR GENT:

In your reply to T.A. in the June issue you wondered who bought the other copies of the first GENT calendar? I did! I realize that the calendar

was not a guaranteed annual issue but I feel that it was a good idea. The limited market for this product probably will not allow for a repeat in the near future. I have an idea that may make the GENT calendar a possibility again.

Many other magazines have a pullout section or cards to order products. I propose GENT add one fold to its run specifically designed to be removed and located between the covers and page one. This could be produced on standard or heavy paper. The fold could be numbered A, B, C & D. The removable page could carry the “D-Cupper of the Month,” with appropriate calendar. Additionally, the subscription offer, the audio tape, the videotape, and other reader response items could be arranged so that even those readers who *do not cut up* their issues of GENT, could have an or order blank to use.

The “D-Cupper of the Month” calendar page could feature past, present, or future GENT stars. I happen to like “pink” shots, but would hesitate to display an overt or contrived (holding it open) shot on my wall where it might offend a passer-by. I believe that in adopting a type of “page three” girl, GENT would go a long way toward establishing “D-Cuppers” as the standard by which all calendars are judged.—B.B., New Jersey

Dear B.B.: Thank you for your input of ideas on how we might pursue another GENT calendar. One thing you are absolutely on target about is the explicitness factor. In retrospect, everyone agrees that the failure of the '86 calendar can be traced in large measure to the fact that the photographs were too explicit. If and when we try another, we will utilize either topless-only or titillating but totally covered shots.

FANTASIES IN ART AND PRINT

DEAR GENT:

June was a landmark issue for GENT in my opinion. It had everything I wanted and I snatched it quickly from the newsstand! As I leafed through the pages the first time

Gent

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OTIS SWEAT: artful fantasies

though, a bevy of bountifully endowed beauties quickened my heartbeat. But when I came to the illustration by Otis Sweat for Jackson Adams' story, my heart stopped. I thought that if the picture was any indication of the prose of the story, GENT had unearthed my secret imaginings and put them in print. Happily, the story lived up to its artful preface.

The thought that somewhere out there are women whose development exceeds even those illustrated by Mr. Sweat, is highly erotic and I thank you for stories like "The Patient" that cater to those fantasies. I am reluctant to suggest the proportions my dream girls attain because it would seem ludicrous to those who don't share this fantasy, but I encourage Mr. Sweat and Mr. Adams, who make an excellent team, to let their imaginations run unrestrained.

Due to the unlikelihood that GENT will ever find and persuade women of the above mentioned developmental beauty to ever pose for our longing eye, please continue with the fantasies in art and print.—J.B., Nevada

P.S. In response to the letter from J.P., Texas who thought that Becky had 20 pounds of breast flesh—nonsense! I know from a very good source that women who wear a 34D bra would have breasts weighing two and a half pounds total. So, for every cup size, the breast would weigh approximately 10 ounces on a slim girl.

SAVING FACE IN "CANDIDLY YOURS"

DEAR GENT:

I would first like to thank you for publishing the best men's magazine I've ever seen. The women are beautiful examples of normal and healthy living. I have never been one to be attracted to "toothpick models." When I was single, I always preferred my girlfriends to be healthy (if anything, a little chunky).

My first marriage was to a Rubenesque type of woman (large hips and legs). Deep down inside I always wanted a big-busted woman though. After my first marriage ended, I found my perfect woman. My second wife has the most beautiful set of 38D titties I have ever seen. They are topped with large brown areolae that measure four inches across and hard brown nipples about a half inch wide.

I am very proud of her and love to show her off every chance I get. I would like to show her off in GENT, but she's very apprehensive about her face being shown. It could cost her the job she now has. If possible, can I send photos that shadow her face but display her fantastic body? Most of our friends read GENT and she doesn't want to be recognized. Again, thank you for bringing happiness to millions of readers like us.—D.M., Texas

Dear D.M.: Though we prefer our "Candidly Yours" models to show their faces since this tends to make for much sexier, more alluring photographs, in cases like yours we encourage readers to submit pictures with the model's face either cropped, turned away from the camera or otherwise rendered unrecognizable.

A NEW READER SPOUTS OFF

DEAR GENT:

As I have recently become an avid fan of GENT, I thought you might want some feedback from a relative newcomer. I've been busy subscribing and buying up available back issues of GENT, and my favorite features and ladies so far have been the great Candye Kane, a true phenomenon, and Peg Moore, who I loved because I'm a plumper fan. I



PATTY: pretty Las Vegas plumper

would really love to see more material on the "Patty" that was also seen in the "Girls of Las Vegas" video. She's gorgeous!

My favorite features are "Editor's Notebook" and "Candidly Yours." The "Editors Notebook" is very pleasing to me; its themes and often full-length photos are very much appreciated. "Candidly Yours" is also eagerly awaited by me. Some great looking gals have been featured (like Michelle in the Feb. '86 issue). It's great to see "regular" girls get their moment of glory.

I've really enjoyed the bigger girls you have featured, and hope to see you continue to treat them like the beautiful ladies they are. Reading GENT is like belonging to a large club of men who aren't swayed by the media brainwashing ideals of beauty, but adore the feminine ideal that is ages old: the voluptuous woman in all her life-enhancing glory.

I also really enjoy the writing that goes with the pictorials. Instead of the usual bullshit about a girl's lifestyle (made up anyway), you describe a girl's physical traits with understanding and making sure to draw attention to their "outstanding" (pun intended) features.—J.M., Oklahoma

FROM LOTTA'S TOP TO PENNY'S BOTTOM

DEAR GENT:

I just got your June '87 issue and all



PENNY: her ass had his complete attention

I want to say is, "Fellas and girls, you have really outdone yourselves this time!" GENT has come closer than anyone in showing what truly erotic art is supposed to look and feel like. I say feel, because you should get a feeling from the different photos you look at. This issue ranks among the very best that you have published.

Your models: Penny, Kelly Everts, Lotta Top, and Gilda know how to pose and show off their great bodies to their own advantage. Although a newcomer, Penny looks like she was built to make love. She looked a little stiff, but that lovely ass of her's had my complete attention.

Kelly's layout (U.S. edition only) was out-of-this-world! To me, this is one of your top five layouts of all-time. call me spoiled, but I was disappointed that there weren't more pages of her. She knows she has a sexy body and she knows how to pose and I do mean pose! I wish I could be that lucky guy in the photos with her. I only wish that she would have shown us her backdoor up close and personal. Nevertheless, she knew how to pose, lips wide open, clit in full view.

Lotta Top... I'm at a loss for words. Lotta has to be one of the wonders of the modern day world. She too knows how to pose for a GENT layout. Her full, fleshy pussy with that large erect clit are the things that dreams are made of. She can sit on my face anytime, any place, as long as



GILDA: one of June's highlights

she wants to! One question I do have... was Lotta Topp ever known as Very Knotty? Anyway, she's one hot lady and I won't rest until she uses my face for a chair!

Gilda looks so ripe, she's ready to fall off the tree. Her poses on page 90 and 92 show that she knows what to show and how to show it. Her beautiful brown hole is there for all to see as well as her lovely full tits. Those hooters look like they could use some TLC.

These are just some of the reasons that I feel that this issue is one of the top five published. I wish we could have more mature models in layouts like Kelly Everts. Danuta has a great body, but it seems like she's reluctant to pose in a way which shows all of her. I'm referring to her layout on pages 37-41.

Anyway, all in all, you get a three and a half star rating. I hope GENT will continue to be one step ahead of everyone else. Great job!—J.B., Pennsylvania

GENT: WE'RE MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY PICTURE

DEAR GENT:

I would buy your magazine just for the fiction written by Peter Cook and Jackson Adams. "Temple of Tits" and "The Patient" (GENT/June) are well crafted, artistically written, and provide sensitive insights into the psychology of superstacked women

coming to terms with the blushing endowments of their enormous tits!

The description of two top-heavy beauties kneading, massaging, and sucking each other's huge breasts, mashing their massive mammeries together, thrashing and mauling in a moonlight sonata of orgasmic release, is unmatched by anything I have ever read. Peter Cook, in my opinion, is a writer of literary merit who uses plot, motivation, setting, imagery, and description—all the parts fitting into one functioning whole—in a way that makes the characters live for the reader. One can only hope that he will see fit to reunite Helen with the "unknown Kmer woman" and the "fellow academic... both of whom, in their different ways" helped her come to terms with the treasures of her titanic tits!

Jackson Adams' understanding of the conflict between a professional code and the desire to suck on a pair of really big ones is brilliantly described in "The Patient." As a teacher, I have adamantly resisted the blandishments of a number of very pretty girls who offered to trade sexual favors for a grade. But it wasn't until a brunette with a 36 triple-D cornuCUPIa bared her mesmerizing mammaries that I succumbed. Spell that SUCKumbed! And though I feel a great deal of guilt for compromising my professional credo, there is also the recognition that this, perhaps, is a once in a lifetime experience. (Her brown, bulging areolae were great, blatant discs, bigger than the palms of my hand and shaped, get this, like huge daisies.) As Richard said about his friend who resisted, "You're a better man than me." Hell, I'd do it again! She had tits like sun-ripened, end-of-the-summer watermelons.

I appreciate fiction with literary merit about women blessed by Mother Nature with monumental mammeries! Keep the quality fiction coming! Breast wishes.—J.S., Arizona

HELP THE EDITORS OF GENT decide what girls to photograph, what stories to assign, etc. by sending your suggestions, questions and other items to The Mail Slot, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134.



THE BIG TIT ORGY



Featured on these pages are stills from actual scenes in the sensational new 90 minute video, "The Big Tit Orgy" being offered for the first time through our Video Library (see page 96 for details). As you can see, this specialty video is a tit 'n' lardo lover's dream. It features Nejla "The Arabian Treasure Chest," the incomparable Cajun Queen, Lotta Topp (44 inches and a four inch clit), Miss Twin Towers and the well-endowed and pretty Trinity Loren. The same five actresses' first video, "Big Top Cabaret," broke all records (it was reviewed last February) and now, the same gals show us even more! As they sit around trying on new bras (a real treat for many of us), they begin reminiscing about past sexual forays and soon we're being treated to some hardcore action such as the Cajun Queen's wild tub and tittyfuck scene shown in the photos left and below.





Lotta Topp, in a wild sex scene, finds that she can't get her industrial strength bra unfastened and has to call for the hotel's maintenance man, who arrives with a pair of bolt cutters. He manages to extricate Lotta from her size 40 flopper-stopper and then gives her tits and clit a working over that has her literally clawing the sheets.





It takes a big guy to handle the whoppers of Twin Towers but "masseuse" Ron Jeremy (also featured in "Big Top Cabaret") seems up for the job. Ms. Towers, however, proves almost too much for even sizeable Ron as his dick of death is lost between her mountainous mammaries. The scene is a melange of mammoth mauling and pleasure.





Nejla, too, gets her chance in the spotlight as she shows that she's as great a fuck as she is a model. Many readers remember Nejla when she was one of our "biggest" models, with tremendous hangers and nice rolls of fat everywhere. Well, she's slimmed down, but her talents have not diminished. All of the individual scenes in the video build to a climactic orgy, seen on these pages where everyone joins in except for Ron Jeremy.





The final scene of "The Big Tit Orgy," is one of the most sensational displays of a hundred pounds of titflesh, voluptuous figures and pulsating pussy you've ever witnessed, with the lucky guys in this video living out every tit-lover's fantasy...to be buried in boobs, flesh and pussy and doing everything imaginable with some of the biggest boobs and most sensational chubbies in the world. To order your copy of "The Big Tit Orgy," see page 96. And, if you missed out on "The Big Top Cabaret," we're offering both for a special price if you order now.





Toni Talks

Even lying down on the job, our famous columnist is a source of inspiration.

BY TONI FRANCIES

Fall is almost here and I've never been busier. I'm still commuting back and forth to Germany like crazy and making videos. We almost have a deal signed for me to begin making them for American release, so hang onto your hats...you'll be seeing some real wild videos with me in them in the near future. I'll keep you posted.

I am also lining up some photo assignments, as soon as my acting schedule lets up a bit, so you'll be able to see some new photos of me. Despite a lot of running around, I am staying fit and healthy.

I can't tell you American men how much I appreciate all of your fan letters, and more than that, all of the intelligent questions you ask me. You really have me running to my books and calling medical and professional people to find out the answers.

Oh...and I may be making some personal appearances around the country sometime next year, after some of my videos are released. So, watch your local papers for my appearances. In the meantime, please keep writing me because it's vital that I keep my column filled with your interesting letters. Here are the ones I've selected this month for response...

BIG CLITS AND SEX AFTER MENOPAUSE

DEAR TONI:

Although I think that you are fantastic, the most interesting article I've read lately in GENT was about Lotta

Topp (June, 1987) and the most interesting portion was concerning her clitoris which, as she says, is about four inches long.

Well, this is not as uncommon as people would suspect. I have a lady friend who is blessed with this same physical characteristic and she considers herself quite fortunate. She also has very sensitive breasts and nipples that get as hard as rocks when she is aroused. She loves it when I start sucking on her tits and then I begin to massage her vagina and feel this beautiful, miniature penis, come forth as it gets erect. You can even see this slight bulge in her panties like a miniature "hard-on."

The strange part of this story is that she says she was married for 24 years and never had an orgasm with her husband, but now that she is older she is sexually very hot and loves to fuck and has orgasms galore. Now why would an older woman become so sexually active and aroused when she wasn't when she was younger? Do you have an explanation for that? By the way, she is 58-years-old and has the figure of someone 20 years younger.—Curious, New York City.

DEAR CURIOUS: There seem to

WRITE TO TONI: Have a sexual problem or just something you'd like to discuss with our famous columnist? Write to her at GENT, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

be a lot of men out there who are fascinated with enlarged clitorises which would lead me to believe that there's some subtle penis fascination going on. Or is it simply that, since a clitoris is the center of a woman's sexual sensation, that the idea prevails that "more is better," and that the larger a woman's clitoris, the more sensual, sexual, and super-woman she is? I haven't consulted a psychiatrist on this one since I doubt that they would know any more than I do. I'm told that a few years ago, before my time, GENT's sister magazine, *Cavalier*, published a feature on a woman named Juanita who also had a very large clitoris and that the readers went wild!

But to the more important part of your letter...concerning older women and the fact that many times they don't become sexually "free" until they are in their more mature years. There are a couple of possible reasons for this. One might be that the husband was simply a lousy lay...one of those wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am types who never took the time to make sure that his wife enjoyed sex.

A second reason, and a common one, is that after menopause and after the fear of pregnancy and the discomfort of menstruation is passed, women are finally free to enjoy sex without having to be "careful," all of the time. And many, many women become much less inhibited, much more easily aroused, and much freer about their bodies than they were

therefore. They also don't worry so much about what people might think about them being more loose. Your lady sounds like one of those and since she obviously has what you want...hang on to her and enjoy the ride!

BREAST SIZE AND BREAST SENSITIVITY UNRELATED

DEAR TONI:

I have seen all of your appearances in GENT and you become more beautiful and wonderful with each appearance, and I like your column.

As a Canadian, I have been in England many times, totaling over three years and have often been in Somerset. Oh, if only I could have seen you I'd have something to remember the rest of my life.

My question is, do girls with very large breasts have more erotic feelings in them than those with small ones? My limited experience is that they do but I would like your personal views as you have such huge and beautiful breasts which I would love to have the chance to handle and kiss.

Keep up the wonderful pictures and your interesting and accurate personal advice.—Tit Lover, Toronto

DEAR TIT LOVER: Question: Do men with large cocks have more feeling in them than those with small ones? I'm not trying to be facetious, it's just that your question really doesn't have an answer. There are women with huge breasts who have almost no feeling in them and those with tiny breasts who practically have an orgasm when their nipples are touched. There are women whose nipples are so sensitive that they don't even like to have them touched and those who literally like to have men chew on them like they were chunks of bubble gum.

In most women, the sensation is in the nipple and in the area around the areolae where all of the nerve endings are and everything else is tissue which doesn't have a lot of feeling. Actually, men probably get more of a thrill out of playing with a woman's breast than she does. But, as we all know, a lot of our erotic feelings stem from other senses anyway, like looking, smelling, feeling, etc., and in my case, I get

excited just seeing how excited my man is.

I can, however, answer for myself and that is that I have very sensitive breasts. My nipples become quite large and elongated and erect when they are fondled, but I really don't like any rough stuff. I like them gently tweaked, sucked on, rubbed, kissed and fondled. When my breasts are kneaded in a man's hands this causes pressure to the nipple and areolae and that also gives me a tingling feeling that goes directly to my pussy. And I can also excite myself by doing the same things, including sucking on my nipples, but frankly I would much rather have a man do it. And, I've heard women with small breasts describe the same things, so feeling in the breasts, as elsewhere, is strictly an individual matter.

COPING WITH THE "SEVEN YEAR ITCH"

DEAR TONI:

I have been married for 10 years and, frankly, my sex life with my wife has almost worn out. I now find myself obsessed with having sex with another woman, but I don't want to put my marriage in jeopardy because I love my wife very much.

What can I do? Is there anything that I can do to satisfy my sexual cravings for some variety short of going to a prostitute which scares me to death? I want a *relationship* with another woman...not just a one night stand and I know that that is really a problem for a married man.

Please, Toni, I need some advice or I'm apt to do something stupid...like tell my wife and split.—Depressed and Lonely in Tennessee

DEAR DEPRESSED: If it is any consolation, your feelings have been experienced by quite a few million married men from time to time in their lives, especially at about the seven to 10 year mark in their marriages. Ever hear of the "Seven Year Itch?" There was a wonderful movie by that title which starred Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewel as the itchy husband.

If you were Italian, my advice would be simple. Do what millions of Italian men (we're talking about "resident" Italians) do and that is to go out

and get a mistress who will give you the variety you crave.

In my opinion, the one thing wrong with many western societies is that they make no allowances for a man's natural...or so it seems...drive for variety. I personally don't think that men are monogamous by nature. I don't think they ever have been and I don't think they ever will be, no matter what our mores and laws say about monogamy. And so, we have a world full of deceit...of men screwing around on their wives and of wives screwing around on their husbands, and lots of lawyers getting rich handling divorce cases.

Your choice is simple. Either go out and find another woman who will be willing to be the "other woman," or go to a marriage counselor with your wife who might be able to help you get some zip back into your marriage. Many marriages have been revived by some changes in sexual behavior and that, in this day and age, is a lot more sensible than playing the field. There are just too many nasty diseases out there, not to mention lonely nights when your wife finds out and kicks you out the door.

D-CUPPERS SUCKING THEIR OWN...A REAL TURN-ON

DEAR TONI:

I didn't think GENT could ever find a gal to compare to Candye Kane but they sure have! You are terrific! I have been married for 25 years and my wife and I have a lot of sex because we are both into tits. She has a great set of 40DDs and lets me play with them and suck them any time except when she is doing it to herself.

And that's why I am writing to you. I think that it is a great turn-on to watch a gal suck on her own tits, and I don't mean just licking them. I mean really getting down to it and sucking and licking ever inch of it and jamming as much tit as she can possibly get into her mouth.

We buy a lot of big tit videos and magazines but we very rarely see a lot of this. Why won't gals pose this way? And don't tell me they can't do it. I am sure every gal with big tits can suck on them. What are your thoughts on this? Do you think most gals do it? Do they do it when they masturbate? I'll

bet they do. Keep up the good work and when are we going to see you sucking on your wonderful jugs?—R.K., Ohio.

DEAR R.K.: You're right...most women with very large breasts can suck on them, if they want to. The reason, I would imagine, that you don't see more of this in videos and still photos is because the photographers aren't aware that it's such a turn-on. Come to think of it, there seems to be less of this type of thing these days than there was in the past when such notable tit suckers as Annie Owens (who could hold both tits up by the nipples clenched in her teeth). If enough readers think this is a necessary ingredient in photo layouts, let us know by letter and we'll pass the word on to our photographers.

As for what other girls do when they masturbate, I just don't know. But when I masturbate, I do whatever feels good and that includes sucking on my nipples...when I can't find someone else to do it.

THE BEST CONDOMS AREN'T MADE OF RUBBER

DEAR TONI:

I'm a 30-year-old big breast lover who is concerned about the AIDS epidemic. Recently I was propositioned by a voluptuous go-go dancer with a pair of 44 double-D's. I'd love to say yes but I'm afraid that I might contract the AIDS virus.

The real problem is that I don't know which type or brand of condoms to use. There are differences in the quality of condoms from one brand to another. I would like your magazine to do an extensive article on condoms (evaluating and comparing different brands and types) and any other product that could be used effectively to protect the user in the event your sex partner has the AIDS virus.

I feel that an article of this nature would be of great and vital service to your readers because all of the AIDS articles I've seen in the newspapers and magazines only explain what the dreadful disease is. They never give any real useful information on how to protect yourself prior to intercourse with a person you might suspect has

the AIDS virus. Please give serious consideration to this.—Steve, New York

P.S. I use Ramses spermicide condoms. How effective are they?

DEAR STEVE: Thank you for your letter which is intelligent and timely. I'm sorry that we have to focus on AIDS, but I really feel that our audience is particularly important when it comes to GENT disseminating any information we can about this dreadful disease.

You're right...not enough information is out, but there is more coming all the time and it behooves us to find out all we can if we feel that there is any possibility of any of us putting ourselves at risk in contacting the AIDS virus.

First, let me say that the first and easiest way to avoid contracting the virus is to stay away from the highest risk groups known today to carry it and those are: homosexual men, intravenous drug users, including prostitutes, and people, generally, who are sexually promiscuous. There's also a danger from people who have to have blood transfusions such as hemophiliacs. Your go-go dancer doesn't sound like a very safe risk to me.

As for condoms, the Surgeon General of the United States says that they are a necessary safeguard for sexually active people but, they are not 100% guaranteed to prevent the spread of the virus, just as they don't always prevent pregnancy. But the most effective condoms are those that do not break. And, as with most things in life, the best happen to also be the most expensive. But we're talking about a deadly disease here. The lambskins are the best, in our opinion. They are made by Four X and Trojan and are made of sheep intestines; they are very well lubricated and, most importantly, they will not break under even strenuous fucking.

Using a spermicide is also very important, but check your condom package because spermicides sometimes destroy the material in the condom. And also learn how to use a condom properly and that is to never, never, let it come off, and when you take your penis out of her vagina, hold the top of it so that no semen can spill out.

I know that it is terrible that uninhibited sex is no longer safe, and that we have become a world of walking worried, but it's vital that all of us learn as much as we can about this disease and that we learn safe sex habits and practice them! If you are sexually active, meaning perpetually horny, get a pile of GENTs and a stack of X-rated videos and stay home with lady five fingers...but wash her first.

TOO "PITIFUL" TO SCORE

DEAR TONI:

I know this letter probably won't get printed but at least you might listen to me. I have a question or two. First, how does a guy impress a girl like you. I mean, what does a guy have to do?

For me, at least, my main problem is that I am 32 and live, for financial reasons, with my mother. I also don't know how to drive, because my mom sold the car. I make good money and I don't smoke and I don't drink. Sounds boring, doesn't it?

The only thing I have going for me is that I play acoustic guitar and I am very into music. This may sound like a Jimmy Bakker deal but I am a Christian and my "sin"—between me and God—is looking at magazines like GENT. If my mom found out, though, well, I'd never hear the end of it.

Anyway, my problem is that, Christian or not (and sinner or not), I am lonely. All the girls I know are either too young or too married or not my type. I have tried correspondence but when I tell them the above, they stop writing. If I see a girl on the bus or whatever, I wind up finding out that she has a boyfriend.

So, tell me Toni, what do I do? What would you do?—Danny Boy, California

DEAR DANNY: What you need first, luv, is some drastic attitude adjustment. I've never read such a self-defeating, depressed and negative letter. My goodness, how do you think you are going to attract anyone with a lousy self-image like you have? You get back what you send out and you send out negativity. Have you ever heard that the only thing you get from sitting on a pity pot is a ring around your ass? Well, yours must be a doozy.

Some big ones you may have missed!

Past issues of GENT which never go out of style, available only while the limited supplies last. Order now and catch up on your favorite D-Cuppers.

ISSUE:	CENTERFOLD:	D-CUP PICTORIALS:	SPECIAL FEATURES:
JUN '85	Rachel (40-25-38)	Dina, Heidi, Pam, Joyce, Crystal, Ella, Sally, Helga	The Sex Muscles, Getting Into Video, Big Brenda (Fiction)
AUG '85	Beverlee (38-28-38)	Justice, Linda, Honey, Jayne, Danuta, Riva, Uschi, Leila, Terri	Getting Into Racing, Plumpers On Parade, Meeting "The" Woman
DEC '85	GILDA (41-25-34)	Fran, Peg, Linda, Sharon, Donna, Annie, Honey	Mindy Rae Interview Dictionary of Boobs
APR '86	Candye (44-29-40)	Georgina, Kitten, Kathy, Honey, Karen, Tammy, Brigitte	Strange Stuff, Russ Meyer Interview, A Bra For Busty Women
MAY '86	Trinity (40-26-36)	Anna, Karen, Lynda, Barbara, Donna, Peaches, Debbie Jordan, Eileen	Cockteasers, Russ Meyer Interview Part II
JUN '86	Danuta (41-23-33)	Kellie, Laura, Shona, Jennifer, Sara, Carol	Sex Exercises For Men, Positive Side of Masturbation.
AUG '86	Toni (56-32-40)	Joyce, Becky, Mindy Rae, Jodi, Marie, Class of '62	Getting A Loan, Howard Roark's Girls, Mail Slot, Giving Head
SEP '86	Pat (Debut) (42-30-39)	Lulu, Keisha, Candye, Jull, Terri, Kathay, Lotta Top, Charlotte	Mel Fisher's Treasures, Hirsute Women, Tantala Ray Interview
NOV '86	LaDawn (38-25-38)	Dina, Debbie & Sara, Uschi, Dawn, Colette, Kiss-O-Gram Girls	Mini Vans, Large Ladies, Women Who Go Slumming, Juggling Two Lovers
DEC '86	Linzi (39-25-38)	Trinity, Jennie, Toni, Twin Towers, Karen, Christy, Mindy Rae, Traci	Oral Sex Article, How To Marry A Rich Woman, History Of Prostitution
JAN '87	Gabriella (38-28-36)	Linda, Connie, Debbie, Tara, Peggy, Pauline	Cathouses of Nevada, Titanic Toni Interview, All About Impotence
FEB '87	Virginia (43-27-36)	Nejla, Lotta Top, Twin Towers, Trinity Loren, Keisha, Becky, Dee Dee, Debee, Mary	Female Orgasms, Understanding Your Dreams Video Reviews
MAR '87	Colleen (38-24-36)	Francis, Pat, Cooki, Rachel, Mary, Stacey	10 Most Sickening Films, Women Who Enjoy Tits, Clyda's Video

Don't be left behind like an empty bra. Once our back issues are gone, that's it. It's easy to order issues that may have slipped by you. Just send us a list of the month and year desired, from above. Always indicate a second choice in case you're too late, or, we'll have to send your money back. Enclose your check or money order for \$5.00 for each issue (includes postage and handling) and mail to: GENT Back Issues, 2355 Salzedo Street, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134. (Canadian orders: please remit in U.S. funds, or add \$1.00 per issue if sending Canadian funds.) Sorry, no overseas orders. Florida residents please add sales tax.

Toni Talks

I don't mean to make you feel worse, but I think you need some counseling. I also think you need to move away from mom who is treating her 32-year-old son like a 10-year old.

If you make good money, buy a car and get an apartment and move out. You might take some clues from Jimmy Bakker (I realize your letter was written before the scandal came out about him) but he didn't let his Christianity keep him from getting some nookie, and allegedly from both sexes according to Jerry Falwell. And what does Christianity have to do with fucking, anyway? If those of the Christian persuasion didn't fuck, the population of the world would be almost nil.

Stop telling girls about your lousy life and, as for the ones you meet having boyfriends...any girl worth her salt has a boyfriend, but that shouldn't stop you from taking her away from him...if you just had the self-confidence.

Get some counseling and get some positive image about yourself and get off your self-pity kick.

HE CAN BLOW HIMSELF... BUT SHOULD HE SWALLOW?

DEAR TONI:

You are the most gorgeous female I have ever seen in GENT or any magazine. You have a perfect pair of tits and a heart of gold.

Have you ever heard of guys who eat their own cum? I don't very often but sometimes I get so hot that I just can't help myself and since I can blow myself, sometimes I swallow it. What do you think about this? Is it dangerous...unhealthy...crazy...or what?—A Fan, Ohio

DEAR FAN: It's "or what."

I've heard of guys doing almost everything, including eating their own cum, but I don't hear of too many guys who can blow themselves. Lucky you.

As far as I know, there isn't anything dangerous about digesting your own semen although it does seem a bit narcissistic to me. Just make sure that you don't develop such a taste for it that you start eating others cum. *That* could be dangerous, unhealthy, crazy and "or what."

THE BOOBIES

Reviews of new videos with an emphasis on big bust action.

Good N' Plenty

Four GENT models—Patty Plenty, Nejla, Tammy and Ebony Ayes—star in this D-cup feast from AVC.

No, *Good N' Plenty* is not about the candy of the same name, but GENT's tit lovers will think they've had about the sweetest treat imaginable when they get a gander at the lineup in AVC's recent release. The video stars Patty Plenty, Tammy (Medina), the fantastic "Arabian Treasure Chest" Nejla (aka Nikki King), and black beauty Ebony Ayes. And these magnificent specimens of tittyful delight are enough to give a guy a sweet tooth as they indulge our fantasies in 84 minutes of breastacular entertainment.

BY PAT BROOKS

The sight of big breasted Ebony Ayes in the opening scene is enough to gladden the heart of the tit lovin' crowd as she sits on a couch, wearing a tight, yellow knit body suit which clings to her every curve; the bright color making a startling contrast to her dark chocolate skin. Ebony begins slowly masturbating while watching a porno movie on television which features superstar Frank James. While watching James porking some nubile young girl, she's wildly manipulating her erect clit and her foot accidentally

bumps the magic "sugar bowl" and, like in *Aladdin's Lamp* (almost), we see James, buck naked and bewildered, sitting beside her. Bewildered or not, he immediately begins kneading, massaging and

sucking on her big brown bombers as she begins jerking him off.

In no time, she's astride him, riding his sizable rod as her big, rubbery knockers do a fanstastic dance on her chest, slapping together, bouncing up



Patty Plenty and Nejla go tit to tit and tongue to tongue in a tailored for GENT scene from AVC's Good N' Plenty.

The Boob Tube

and down and swaying from side to side like two giant bowls of Jello with minds of their own. The sight of this is too much for James who shoots a wad of cum all over her tits.

James then learns the secret of the "magic sugar bowl," steals it and then when he gets home he rubs the bowl and conjurs up a real super titter for himself, GENT's own "Arabian Treasure Chest," Nejla. (This popular D-copper has put on some weight which should please a lot of people since many readers complained that she was too thin in her last few GENT layouts.) Wearing a bathing suit, Nejla strips down to reveal her pendulous 44's which Frank immediately buries his face between. Sucking, licking and having a good time, he wraps her titflesh around his erect member and slides it back and forth in a hot titfucking scene that climaxes with James blowing his load all over her gazongas.

While James and Nejla go off to clean up, Billy Dee pops in and finds the "magic bowl" and begins to wish for a tall, big-titted brunette with long legs. He's thinking of a newcomer to porn, Tammy (GENT's April '87 centerfold), who at that moment is in the midst of making it with Ron Jeremy. Jeremy's eating her furry pussy while she massages and manipulates her

38's, occasionally pulling on her nipples. Tammy continues to fondle her titflesh while Jeremy rams his big dick deep inside her wet cunt.

Later, while she's on top of him, riding his cock, her handfuls of pliable woman flesh continue to bounce about. Jeremy's so overcome by this stupendous sight, he reaches up and grabs a handful. Tammy's tits do her proud as they sway back and forth crashing into each other when Jeremy turns her around and fucks her from behind. But no matter in what position this remarkable beauty gets fucked, her orbs are a continual source of inspiration. Especially when she wraps them around his dick for a super titfucking finale.

Just as Tammy and Jeremy finish their session... Zap! She's magically transferred to Billy Dee's bed where he's wishing for a gal just like her. Their action begins as she sucks on Dee's licorice stick preparing it for the warmth of her pulsating pussy. While he's fucking her from a side position, they take turns sucking on her breasts while their sexual frenzy heightens and her breasts continue to undulate in mesmerizing amazement.

After Dee and Tammy indulge in their heated tryst, they exit and Nejla comes back into the bedroom where her interest is piqued by the magic

Billy Dee, in an unusual scene, feeds Tammy her own tit in Good N' Plenty, a video loaded with humongous hangers in constant action.



Ebony Ayes' black bombers bounce about as she rides Frank James' rod in a scene from Good N' Plenty.

bowl and she rubs it. Her secret wish is fulfilled as she is catapulted back home and into the presence of her roommate, the buxom, platinum blonde Patty Plenty.

We find Patty alone in her jacuzzi, fondling and sucking on her own 44's and then inserting a sizable dildo into her beautiful, mature-woman's pussy. Just as she reaches her climax, Nejla appears and the girls get it on in a sizzling lez session. The sight of two of GENT's big 'uns rubbing their plentiful poundage together and sucking on each other's blue-veined beauties is a sight indeed. And when they begin eating each other's pussies and using dildos on each other, many viewers will think they've been catapulted into paradise.

Unfortunately, we don't see Patty getting porked in this video which makes this reviewer wonder if the title is a tad misleading—especially since she's on the box cover. The viewer is led to believe there is "Good N' Plenty" of Ms. Plenty. But aside from the super hot lez session with Nejla and the scene with her pink dildo, both which emphasize her amazing breasts, Patty doesn't do any fuck scenes with the male co-stars.

But *Good N' Plenty* contains more than enough emphasis on huge

The Boob Tube

breasts to satisfy the most discriminating GENT man (or woman). It is well shot, with clear dialogue, and the storyline is passable enough for the video to flow from one scene to another. The tit action is so good that few viewers will be concerned over minor negative details. The girls all look good with sexy costumes and professional makeup and hairstyles.

Ron Jeremy, one of the male stars, contributed to the video by not only starring in it, but also writing and directing it. It's a turn-on video and well worth your time and money. This special tit video is now being sold through the GENT Video Library. For more details, turn to page 96. You won't be disappointed.

The Adultriss

Though not without its faults, "The Adultriss" has some high points that help it rise above the crowd.

"Frenzied," is the best description of the opening scene in Caballero Home Video's recent release, *The Adultriss*. Brunette Krista Lane is having a torrid affair with Buck Adams and they meet in a seedy motel room in order to satisfy their insatiable lust for each other. Unfortunately, the couple has little time to spend on formalities and rushes through a hot fuck scene in order for Krista to make it home in time to meet her husband.

Krista is a rich bitch married to Herschel Savage. She wants more out of life and decides to entrap hubby by using several "sluts" so she can get a divorce from him and marry Buck. Actually, both Krista and Herschel are trying to dump each other and that's the plot of this 74 minute shot-on-video feature.

Now that you've got the plot, let's concentrate on the tits in *The Adultriss*. There are two impressive gals in the video, each with different appeal. Krista is the first starlet at bat and although her tits aren't quite GENT size, they are beautifully cone shaped, peaking with puffy nipples. Krista does a scene in a bathtub with Savage which really shows off her un-



Tittyful Keisha primes Buck Adams' pump for sexy Alexa Park's wet cunt in a scorching threeway scene from Caballero's *The Adultriss*.

usual breasts. Savage is alone in the tub jerking off and when she comes in completely dressed, the sight of him pounding his pud inspires her to get into the tub, fully clothed and shower her attention on his swollen member.

Krista starts to jerk him off which leads to a sexy blowjob and eventually the two wind up fucking in the water-filled tub. Krista lowers her tanned ass on his engorged dick, sliding her rounded bum down and slowly riding his rod hard. But before he can shoot his load, Krista gets up, wraps both her hands around his cock and pumps it until he blows his wad. This is, to say the least, a very hot scene.

The second gal is brunette bombshell Keisha. She and Alexa Park double team on Buck Adams and while the amply endowed gal gives Buck a super blowjob, he eats blonde-haired Alexa's pussy. Later, as Adams fucks the heavenly hootered

Keisha from behind, her magnificent mammaries heave to and fro from his enthusiastic pounding.

There are other interesting scenes throughout the video, such as the massage room scene. This involves girls walking around and pouring oils over men's asses and cocks as they lie nude on the table. While other sensuous massage techniques are applied, the girls either jerk the men off, fuck them, or give them a blowjob.

Then there's the highlight of the video, a scene with Jamie Summers, a magnificently beautiful blonde with peaches and cream skin, bright blue eyes, and full ruby red lips that, when open to receive a thick dick, can elicit a "hands off" orgasm. She's sexy, sensuous and childlike in a seductive, womanly body, but alas, she doesn't have GENT size boobs. She does, however, do a number on Savage when she seduces him while wearing

The Boob Tube

a tight black lace corset. After giving him a blowjob, she sits her pretty cunt on his cock and rides it back and forth and up and down, milking every drop of life from it in a very sensuous scene. The rear view shot of her ass bumping up and down as she rides his dick is enough to create a large stain in any man's jeans.

So, there you have it: *The Adultress* which also stars Blondi and Sheri St. Claire, is a Paul Thomas production. It was written and directed by Henri Pachard, and with his talents, I really expected a better video. Although there are some exceptionally hot, clearly shot scenes, some of the actors seemed less than motivated and the action tended to cut from one scene to another without the smooth flow that we appreciate in an adult video.

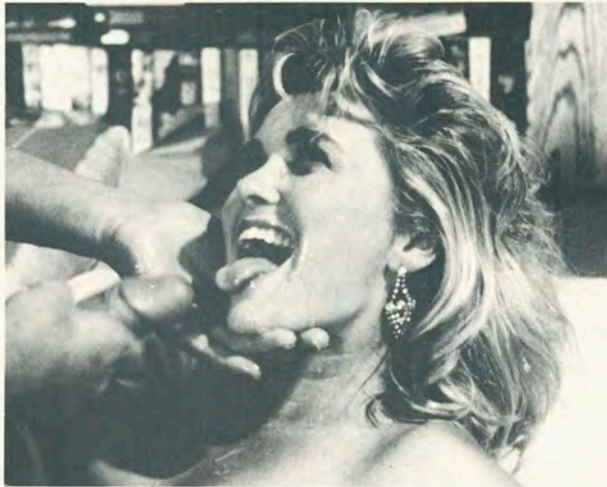
Dirty Blondes

This vid offers little in the way of tit action, but if you're a gentleman who prefers blondes, it stars a bevy of "lookers" in super raunchy hardcore scenes.

Dirty *Blondes*, a CDI Home Video release is about one man's lust for blondes. Frank James stars in this 85 minute shot-on-video feature as the husband of beautiful Brittany Stryker. It's their anniversary and the poor guy can't even get it up for the special occasion. Brunette Brittany's more than willing to cooperate, but something's wrong with her man and she goes off to work bewildered and frustrated.

James decides to take the day off and escapes from his "problem" by watching television. He begins to fantasize about a girl on the TV (platinum-haired Bunny Bleu) and realizes that he's got a "thing" for blondes. He fantasizes about her jerking off one guy while giving the other a blowjob. Bunny impales herself on one of their dicks while continuing to jerk off the other one until they both come all over her face.

The climax sort of gets James's motor running and also forces him back into reality. He calls his buddy



Brittany Stryker, the only non-blonde in CDI's Dirty Blondes, gives Frank James' cock and balls special treatment, above. Left, Penny Morgan laps up Frank James' huge load in another raunchy scene from Dirty Blondes, a video lacking tits but geared for lovers of babes with blonde hair and wet pink cunts.

Ron Jeremy who comes over with two sexy blonde babes, Sheena Home and Blondi. They proceed to put on a very sexy romp, slapping each other and meowing like a couple of cats in heat in the middle of his living room. The girls continue to go at each other and eventually wind up in a hot lez session, licking and sucking on each other's wet pussies.

But the action for the frustrated James starts when busty blonde Penny Morgan happens by and winds up in his bed. After spraying whipped cream on his dick, she proceeds to lick it off as if it were a huge ice cream cone. He gets so turned on that he begins to fuck her. With Penny on all fours, he rams his stiff dick into her lubricated cunt and gives her a hard fucking.

Unfortunately, Penny's not totally satisfied, and after James finally dozes off, she sneaks out of the bedroom and teams up with the insatiable Ron Jeremy. He takes advantage of the situation and dives into her yet-to-be satisfied cunt, munching away before slamming his salami into her for a

grand finale.

When James awakes, he realizes the time is late and his wife is due home soon. He manages to get everyone out and by the time Brittany does get home, he's more than willing, ready and able to make their anniversary one to remember. Ahh! How sweet!

Actually, the video could have been better. It was boring and the sex scenes jumped about so much it would make a hard dick limp fast. Ron Jeremy wrote and directed the video and it seems with his talents, he should "try" to put a little more creative efforts into his projects. The results would be much better and a hell of a lot sexier. One of the reasons this reviewer watched *Dirty Blondes* was because of the appearance of Penny Morgan. She's a borderline titter who's new in the adult video business. I was hoping for some tit action, but this vid offered none. However, if you like blondes, this one's got 'em. It also stars: Marc Wallace, Don Fernando and let's not forget Blondi's boyfriend, Tony Montana.



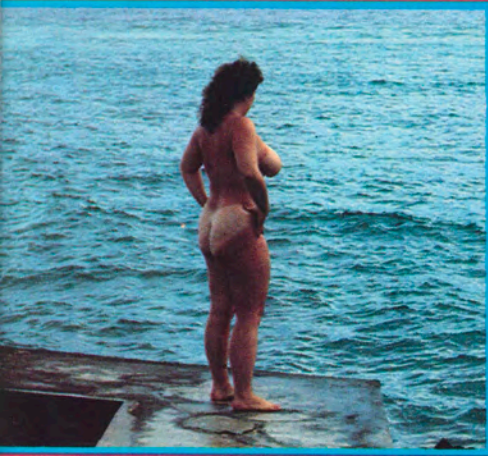
VIRGINIA (43-27-36)



TERRI (40-23-34)



BARBARA (39-24-36)



FRANCINE (44-28-37)

1987 EDITION
the girls of
Gent

If you missed the '87 edition of "The Girls of GENT" while it was on the newsstand, you can now order it directly from us and we'll deliver it promptly in a plain, sealed envelope. This new, photo-packed edition features GENT's most popular layouts of the year, including all of the models pictured here plus many more! To order, send your check or money order for \$5 along with this coupon to **Dugent Pub. Corp., 2355 Salzedo St., Coral Gables, FL 33134.**

Name _____

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LYNDA (44-27-36)



TRINITY (40-26-36)



TONI (56-32-40)



LOUISA (40-27-38)



DANUTA (41-23-33)



MADELINE (39-28-36)

LINDA: Better Than New

When we first saw these photos, we were sure we had found another new and sensational GENT discovery. The bra shots, left, were enough to make our pulses race. But then, on closer examination, we realized that we were looking at Linda, the luscious model we've featured twice before. We were fooled because Linda has made some changes both in her looks and figure.









It's uncanny what a change in hairstyle, makeup and a few extra pounds can do to change a gal's looks.

Would those of you who remember Linda from previous appearances have recognized her? We didn't. It's amazing what a change in hairstyle, makeup and adding a few pounds can do for a gal's appearance. Of course, we are definitely *not* complaining. We love Linda's more voluptuous figure. We're sure she now surpasses her previous 118 pounds.







Another big change is that Linda refused to show pussy in either of her previous layouts and, although this is far from what we'd call "red-hot," she does at least give us a glimpse of her sexy shaved beaver. And, with promises of even more "openness" to come, we're seriously discussing the possibilities of making Linda one of our "Video Covergirls" in GENT's new series of videotapes spotlighting one model for 30 minutes. So, although we haven't seen Linda for a year, we're hoping to see more, soon, and we can't wait!



The Cave Paintings

At a remote archaeological site, our lusty professor finds more than history to occupy his time.

BY PETER COOK

The paintings were discovered on the underside of a rocky overhang on the side of a gorge. They were within the mining company's leased area, but some miles from the site where shafts were being sunk into the rich ore body. I was not surprised at the excitement shown by the wildlife protection ranger who had discovered them and whose amateur, but excellent, photographs were strewn over my desk. What I did not understand at first was his concern.

"You tell me the site is about 15 miles from the mine," I repeated, "surely that will not be any cause for worry about the paintings?"

"The mining itself won't be," he explained, "but the company's dam will! They're planning to build a reservoir upstream from a dam site in the gorge to provide water for their workings. It will flood the area

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN FORBES





that includes the paintings. What is so infuriating is that there are at least two alternative dam sites, but both are likely to incur slightly higher construction costs."

I must explain that the research institute I head in northern Australia's university city has responsibility, amongst other duties, to contribute to an understanding of the region's environment and heritage. These paintings, by Australia's earliest inhabitants, could be as old as five to 10 thousand years. To flood them merely to keep down the cost of a mining company's water supply would be cultural vandalism on a massive scale. My course of action was clear—first to examine the paintings with an expert to assess their age and cultural importance; secondly, to persuade the mining company to locate its dam at one of the alternative locations. The second would, I suspected, be more difficult than the first!

It took me some days to get things moving. Arrangements made over the telephone with the mining company indicated that, given scientific authentication of the age of the paintings, they would be willing at least to discuss the problem with me. Indeed, they agreed that a Dr. Austin, a senior member of their management staff, would accompany me to the site along with any appropriately qualified expert I chose to take. Accommodations would be provided at the company guesthouse near the mine and, if our arguments were persuasive, it was believed that Dr. Austin would probably be able to convince the board to relocate the proposed dam.

About three weeks after the visit from the wildlife ranger, the company flew me to their private airstrip along with Radcliff, the country's leading expert on aboriginal art whom I had managed to contract in Sydney and who was most excited about the discovery. We were met by a company four-wheel drive, with an overalled girl at the wheel.

"Hi, I'm Barbara," she called out to us as we walked across from the light plane. "Toss your bags in the back and I'll take you to the guesthouse."

It was Radcliff who persuaded her to take us to see the paintings first—he was far too anxious to see them to wait so, despite the heat of the early afternoon, Barbara agreed to take us directly to the site.

"I'm afraid the passenger seat's cluttered with groceries for the guest house," she said, indicating some plastic bags and an insulated box presumably

containing dairy items. "Do you mind both sitting in the back?"

It was that arrangement that delayed my appreciation of Barbara's true proportions since, sitting behind her, I was aware only of a thick mass of chestnut hair and of a large, round pair of sunglasses of which I caught an occasional glimpse in the driving mirror. It was only when she had parked the vehicle in the shade of a clump of spinifex at the foot of a rock strewn slope, saying we now had twenty minutes or so to go on foot, that I got my first good look at her.

I don't believe Radcliff gave her a second glance—he was too busy getting out his camera, tapes and notebook—but *my* attention was riveted on her; my heart missed a couple of beats, and I must have stared at her for a full minute before recovering at least some composure. That girl possessed the most phenomenal pair of tits I had had the pleasure of seeing for a *very* long time!

Now, in our tropical climate it is quite usual for people who work in overalls—mechanics, shop assistants and the like—to wear little beneath them, usually just shorts, and if female, a bra. As Barbara clambered down from the 4WD's driving seat I saw that her overalls were shorts legged, more like a jumpsuit in some ways, and that she really intended to stay cool...beneath the zipped-up front of the thin garment there clearly was no bra to constrain the pair of huge tits that lurked within it! I have been a connoisseur of the female breast for long enough to be pretty accurate in my assessment of the dimensions of most sets of the glorious gourds. My estimate of the low slung, bulging masses of breast-flesh that were oscillating vigorously under the overall as Barbara dropped to the ground was that they *had* to be double-E cup sized, and would stretch a tape to at least the upper 40s...but it all seemed too good to be true!

The subjects of my prolonged stare were clearly very obvious to their owner, since she gave me a very positive wink, then turned her body sharply to lead the way toward the rocky slope up which we had to walk, but with such a movement that the free-hanging flesh tumbled and swayed alarmingly under its thin wrapping. Radcliff followed us, laden with his gear, while I carried a short aluminium ladder which Barbara had said we would need to get up a few of the more difficult places near the paintings.

The paintings were on the underside of an overhanging rock surface which formed a sheltered site that had been

used as a dwelling place for an aboriginal group during the wet season when enough wild roots had grown to provide subsistence. The route to the site was tortuous, passing over more recent rock-falls and through coarse and often prickly vegetation. Barbara had already visited the site and knew the track so it was logical that she should lead. I made sure, nevertheless, that I was within instant reach over some of the the more awkward sections and bounded ahead so that I could offer a helping hand, and watch the free wobble of those pendulous chest attachments as she scrambled behind me. We used the aluminium ladder to get up a few particularly steep stretches on the gorge side, when I let Barbara go first. Following close behind her, I had glorious close-up views of the seductive creases at the base of her buttocks where her shapely but muscular thighs merged into a rear just covered by the brief legs of her overall. It was only the presence of Radcliff immediately behind us that inhibited my hands from exploring the smoothness of the thighs, and perhaps even of the buttocks themselves.

We finally reached the site, short of breath but inspired by the view down the gorge across literally hundreds of square miles of sparsely vegetated and almost entirely uninhabited country toward distant, hazy mountains.

"A magnificent sight," enthused Radcliff. I could only agree...buy *my* eyes were still locked on the vast, heaving, fleshy mountains that adorned Barbara's chest beneath her thin overalls.

The aboriginal paintings *were* excellent, and even my limited knowledge of the art of Australia's earliest people was enough to convince me that it would be a cultural crime of the worst sort to destroy them by flooding from a dam. As Radcliff explained to an obviously impressed Barbara, aboriginal art had profound ritual meaning. It was essentially symbolic, as part of the religious life of the people who identified themselves closely with the land and its natural features. He set up his camera to record the paintings and the environment of the cave, and began to make careful measurements.

We had been at the site for an hour or so when Barbara explained she would have to return to deliver the groceries to the guesthouse. They were needed for the housekeeper who would come in the morning to prepare our breakfast. She told us we were eating that night in the mining camp's senior dining club after which there would be a short cabaret.

Radcliff was far too impatient to continue his survey of the paintings, however, so she agreed to send a driver back for him just before dark. From my point of view, despite the quality of the paintings, Barbara had far more interesting 'art works' than the cave, so I did not hesitate to agree to go with her.

The guest house was a comfortable, air-conditioned, timber bungalow where short-term visitors to the mine were accommodated. That night Radcliff and I were the only occupants. I unloaded our overnight bags, then went back to assist Barbara with the groceries. Now whether it was accidental as we lifted down the plastic bags and insulated box, or whether she was deliberately teasing I did not at that stage know, but her overalls' tightly packed mammary filling squeezed firmly against me as I stood beside the vehicle. We carried everything, included a carton of canned beers, into the sitting room of the guest house and dumped it on the floor alongside a couple of bean bags that constituted part of the casual furnishings.

"Thanks for the help," she said, a little breathlessly, "carrying *anything* is difficult when you're already dragging 26 pounds around." Her eyes dropped casually to her chest, "I'll put the groceries away later, but first I *do* need a shower. It's been a hot and dusty afternoon. I'll use one of the unoccupied rooms, then we'll have a drink before I leave."

I showered too—speculating, I must admit, on just how Barbara must look naked, and with an equally interested member that reacted strongly to the mental image—put on fresh clothes and returned to the sitting room. I put the beers in a bar fridge and started to empty the insulated box to put its contents away when I heard Barbara come in from the spare room. I turned to ask her what she wanted to drink, but my mouth went dry as I saw her...she had one towel wrapped around her lower half like a sarong, and a second across her shoulders with its ends tucked into the waist of the first, and hiding practically nothing! Those 47 or so double-Es bulged out massively on each side of the towel and swayed casually as she walked toward me.

"Well, Peter," she drawled, "you've hardly had your eyes anywhere else since I met you, so don't pretend you're not interested."

I certainly didn't pretend. She stood facing me, legs a little apart, massive, near-naked boobs in front of me, and waited with a slight smile around her

lips, willing me forward. I loosened the towel ends and gently kissed the upper slope of each naked breast as it was revealed before removing the towel from her shoulders completely. She relaxed with a soft sigh, unbuttoned my shirt, pulled it off, and then pressed her voluminous tits against my chest. They were cool and quite firm as I put my arms around her and squashed the bulging tit-flesh between us.

Gently I pushed her away from me and held her shoulders at arms length so I could study her busty endowment. Barbara was a mature woman in her late 20s. Her skin was evenly tanned—the absence of strap marks across her shoulders and a consistent hue from neck to tit-tip were clear evidence that her boobs were fully exposed when she sunbathed—but the smoothness of her body indicated that she treated it well and avoided sunburn. As she stood, almost regally, in front of me, those lavish protuberances filled her chest literally from arm to arm and from her collarbones to beyond her lowest ribs and reached almost to her navel.

The 13 pounds that she had implied that each of her breasts weighed exerted a definite pull on her muscles, and the otherwise flawless skin that encased the heavy masses of mammary flesh was lightly laced with the finest of pale stretch-marks that paralleled the drag of

each boob and focused on their areolar haloes. At their upper ends, where they parted from the flatter expanse of her chest, Barbara's massive mams were squeezed tightly together to form a deep, narrow cleft, but within a few inches the burgeoning volume of each suspended udder curved away from its twin and both swelled into great melons of glorious low-hanging and forward bulging tit. In the late afternoon light, they threw distinct shadows over the horizontal creases above her navel. Their bulbous bases, standing well away from her flat stomach, were decorated with very smooth, three inch pinky-brown areolae with prominent fingertip nipples that pointed dead ahead but obliquely downward.

Barbara moved her upper arms behind her mammoth superstructure and forced the weighty organs forward so that their convex surfaces bulged even more obviously.

"That's enough looking, Peter," she said, "they want some attention—but use the oil."

I was puzzled for a second until I realized that she was looking at a bottle of vegetable cooking oil that had rolled out of the shopping bag. As I bent to pick it up, she sprawled on her back on one of the bean bags, her tits drooping sideways off her chest in two directions as she did so.



"Now this is what I call a ball washer!"

I snapped open the plastic top of the bottle and poured a generous amount of the smooth golden liquid to form a pool in the wide, shallow hollow that now existed between the vast lolling masses of breast-flesh. Then, kneeling beside her, I began slowly to spread the oil across the expansive surface area of the two gargantuan tits. She gave an involuntary shudder as my lubricated palms gently smoothed the slippery liquid across the bulging flesh, then began breathing deeply as I gradually worked over her breasts, massaging the resilient bust-stuff with my fingers.

I could really do justice to only one magnificent swelling udder at a time. I moved to her right boob side and slid my oily hands beneath the heavy, ponderous, mammary organ. I lifted the weighty, now slithery mass of tit-substance and pushed it up onto her chest where it escaped from my hands almost with a will of its own to flop back to her side. I worked over that right breast, kneading it like dough between my hands, pushing on the underhang so that it practically rolled upward toward her neck, pressing down on the melon-shaped flesh-mound so that it spread under the weight of my hands and irritating the nipple with my finger until it stood out, hard and erect, from its pink-disc surround.

She began to twist her body as I rhythmically squeezed and released the slippery tits and after some 10 or 15 minutes of this vigorous attention, Barbara was panting with obvious pleasure and really writhing from side to side on the bean bag. The pleasure I was getting from the experience was more than apparent from the bulge in my pants.

Among the groceries I had planned to

put in the fridge were two plastic containers of yogurt. She spotted them, and at the same time grabbed my zipper. "Peter, feed me some yogurt," she gasped.

If I had any doubts about her intentions, they were quickly dispelled as she freed a hard, strained instrument from my pants and Jockey shorts. Her oily boobs flopped ponderously as she leaned over to pick up the container and as she peeled off its aluminium top, I removed my loosened but still restricting garments. The yogurt was still cold from the insulated box and my rigid shaft hardened further with the chill as she plunged it six or more inches into the pot. The contents flooded around my balls as the liquid was forced to overflow, then dribbled across her chest as she removed the pastic container, dragged me down to her face and took my dairy-dripping manhood deep into her mouth to suck off its yogurt coating!

Five or six times she subjected me to the role of lollipop as she lapped up a substantial part of my next day's breakfast! I was nearly ready to explode but she always stopped her sucking just before I reached the point of no return.

"I want your cream somewhere else, Peter," she murmured, "but butter me first please."

She was some dairy freak, make no mistake!! I ripped open a packet of butter (my breakfast was really being violated) and scooped out a lump with my fingers. She unwound the towel that was still around her waist and spread her legs to reveal the pouting lips of her cunny-hole between which I inserted the greasy yellow gobbets and smoothed the softness of the butter into the tender female flesh of the inviting orifice. She

groaned with pleasure at the gentle lubrication and pulled me down on top of her.

"Come, Peter...come," she pleaded.

Come was exactly what I'd needed to do for the previous 10 minutes so I had to get in fast! My knob was slippery with traces of yogurt, saliva and pre-cum fluid, her love-box well buttered. The reception of one by the other was as smooth as silk. With one plunge of my hips, seven inches of hard cock vanished up a receptive love tunnel.

I would never have believed that my balls could have produced so much spunk at one time. Barbara's slippery cunt muscles fiercely siezed my thrusting rod which expanded till it felt it would burst, then exploded in a rush just as she shuddered to a climax that almost shook the wooden building off its foundations. Her vast breasts, still slippery from their oiling, slithered like live cushions beneath my chest as my orgasm pumped load after load of thick creamy spunk deep into her womb and I shivered with the ecstasy of the shattering release.

Slowly we relaxed into the hollow of the bean-bag—my now flaccid weapon released from its duties, her breasts partly draped across us both like heavy pillows. We were drinking beers from the fridge, lying sticky, oily and naked when she remembered Radcliff...

"My god, Peter," she said, "the poor man will think he's been abandoned. It's practically dark!"

She made a hurried phone call to send a vehicle to collect him, then showered again and dressed.

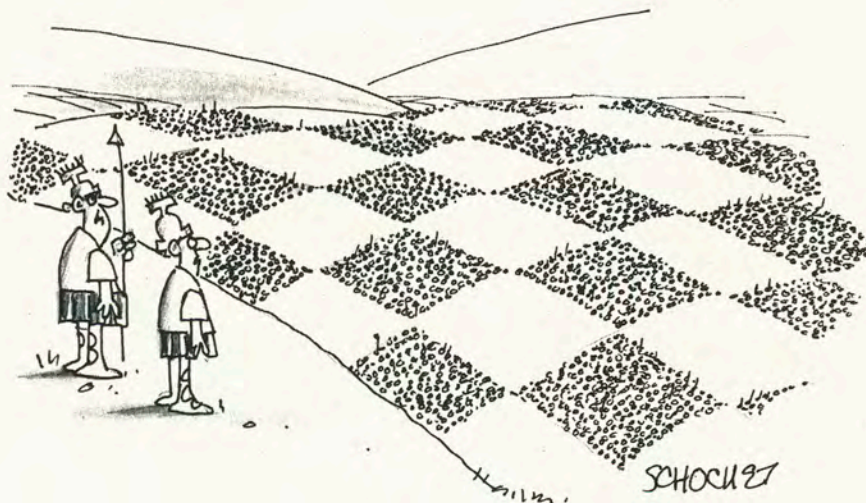
"The driver who's getting Radcliff will take you both to the dining club and cabaret," she said as she left. "I'll see you again in morning before you fly back to the coast."

"You won't be at the dinner?" I queried.

She shook her head and kissed me briefly on my lips. "Till tomorrow," she said, "...and it's been a great afternoon."

A new stirring in my slacks as she swung herself up into the 4WD was firm evidence of my agreement...

We ate with Peterson, one of the deputy mine managers, and a couple of junior executive staff. The food and wine were excellent but conversation was dominated by Radcliff's enthusiasm for the paintings. I expressed disappointment that Dr. Austin was not eating with



"To them war is just a big chess game."

us and hoped that when Radcliff and I met him we would be able to present a convincing case for preserving the site from flooding. Peterson started to say something but was cut off by a further outburst of enthusiasm from Radcliff and before I could raise the subject again, a waiter appeared to tell us the cabaret was about to begin.

Peterson and one of the junior execs excused themselves, as did Radcliff who wanted to get down immediately to typing out a report for the morning. The other young staff member, one of the mine's accountants, took me through to the social center which was packed with employees, very excited and all male. I was quickly to learn why...

The cabaret opened with a chorus line of half-a-dozen girls in the scantiest of costumes, who were soon replaced by a team of strippers. The accountant whispered that acts were flown in monthly from Sydney to provide entertainment for the mine's predominantly young, single, male work force, and he made it very clear that the girls expected to be 'working' all night...

"They go back exhausted, but with bulging purses," he added.

The strippers consisted of two white girls and one black, aborigine—and they removed everything in the course of their performances. One of the whites and the black moved freely among the audience whom they encouraged to handle their bodies. The sex-deprived mining staff were, in fact, remarkably gentle but the girls' thighs, buttocks and tits, and even their cunts, were very thoroughly sampled by dozens of hands as they moved up and down the rows. Both of the roving strippers had tidily trimmed bushes and fairly small breasts but were clearly very popular. I fondled the tits of both, which contrasted so markedly with Barbara's, but found them firm and appealing. The black girl, who had very dark areolae and well developed nipples, seemed particularly to enjoy the extensive fondling she received. Twice she stopped in front of me and shook her breasts vigorously, first wearing a G-string, then absolutely nude. I slid my hands across her thighs and buttocks and, despite Barbara's earlier success in milking me dry, felt reviving interest as I caressed those slightly droopy aboriginal tits. Delicately I fingered her firm nipples, then stroked her woolly black bush which felt quite wiry compared with most I had previously experienced. Very briefly my fingers touched her slit, an act that produced a come-hither-later smile.

In spite of the very clear interest now arising in my pants, I shook my head at the unspoken question—the memory of my afternoon with Barbara was still too fresh, and I wondered whether there *would* be time to see her the next morning after the meeting with Dr. Austin. I knew our plane left just before midday.

Breakfast was prepared for us as arranged by a visiting housekeeper who apologized that there was only one yogurt.

"I can't understand the company store," she grumbled, "they're usually very reliable. And they sent partly used cooking oil and butter."

I mumbled something about having fixed myself a snack the evening before, and got an odd look from Radcliff, but nothing else was said.

Radcliff had been up half the night completing his report. At nine we were driven across to the mine's administrative offices and taken up to Dr. Austin's suite. A middle-aged secretary in an outer office asked us to sit while she rang through. After a few moments she beckoned to me and said, "Dr. Austin would like to see you on your own first, Professor."

I was a little surprised since Radcliff was the expert, but it was not for me to argue. The secretary led me down a short corridor, indicated a door and asked me to please go in. I knocked, hesitated a second, then walked through into a spacious and elegantly decorated

office... then stopped dead in my tracks. Seated beside a tidily arranged desk, and wearing a formal white blouse and dark skirts, was Barbara!

"I thought... Dr. Austin—where is... oh no!" I stammered, "you are..."

She gave a delighted giggle. "I wondered when you'd discover me," she said, "But you didn't... though I'm surprised Peterson didn't make it clear at dinner."

"Radcliff never gave him a chance," I said.

She nodded. "How long dare we keep him waiting this time? she murmured, beginning to unbutton her formal blouse.

If it were possible, I was more flabbergasted than I had been the previous afternoon.

"Now? In here?"

"Unless those Sydney whores wore you out last night," she said with a twinkle.

"They weren't to my taste," I hastened to say.

Her blouse came off, and beneath it her acres of tit were firmly holstered in a well-engineered supportive white cotton bra. She turned her back to me. "Here, help with the hooks."

As I fumbled with five, tightly fixed clasps, she explained her position.

"I'm here on contract as a special adviser on conservation, re-vegetation after mining, and related matters," she

continued on page 86



"I hope you weren't expecting me to be romantic in this!"

COMPUTERIZED EXERCISE

BY JAN SHEEHAN

Exercise used to be so simple. A jumprope, barbells, and a punching bag were the only exercise implements needed for a total workout. No longer. Exercise has entered the computer age.

State-of-the-art, computerized, digitized, high-tech exercise equipment is the newest rage in health clubs and home gyms. Beeps, buzzers, flashing lights, and computer screens monitor calories burned, cardiovascular efficiency, speed, distance, workload, watts, actual/average/maximum revolutions, strokes, and feet per minute on exercise bikes, rowing machines, treadmills, weight machines, stairclimbers, and even hand-held fitness gadgets.

Exercise equipment no longer serves as merely a device to move the muscles and pump the heart. Today's muscle machines are statistical recordkeepers, motivators, and comput-



Tri-Tech's Stairmaster, left, spits out lots of computer data showing goals, calories burned, pulse rate, speed, distance and heart rate. The old standard rowing machine, too, has been gadgetized with counters, monitors and pacers of all kinds.



The once simple act of exercising has now entered a new age. Today, it's computerized, digitized and high-tech to the max. No longer serving just to build muscles, the new machines are coaches and motivators, too.



Sunkyong International's practical Exercycle/Mower, above, shapes up the lawn and user's body at the same time.





Direct from a scene in the movie "Rocky IV" is the Versa Climber by Heart Rate, Inc. Called the "Rambo" of exercise machines, it pumps, pulls and pushes every muscle in the body. It sells for a healthy \$3,000.

erized coaches.

How about an exercise bike that takes your pulse right off the handlebars and displays it on a video screen as you pedal through the peaks and valleys of an Olympic cycling course? A red light charts your progress along a computer graphic "road," and the pedal resistance changes automatically to simulate grueling uphill climbs.

Or a treadmill with computer-controlled speeds up to nine miles per hour (equivalent to six-minute-miles) and inclines up to 20% grade (equivalent to running straight up a mountain)? Beeps and flashing lights warn you of speed changes or when a hill is coming up.

Or a rowing machine with sound effects—the snap of the starting gun and cheer of the crowd; and visual effects—moving boats in competition on a video screen to break the boredom and help keep the oars in motions? A computer program for waves and rapids can be added by simply switching computer chips.

There are even computerized weight machines to satisfy the muscle-building

mania. A leg-extension machine, for example, allows you to select the weight to be lifted with the push of a button. The microchip muscle machine then counts the number of repetitions, analyzes the speed and style of the workout, rates your performance on a scale of 1-10, and gives a series of tips for improving performance.

All these electronic exercise marvels are currently available to fitness fanatics—and not just at a few select health clubs. The exercise industry is beginning to cater to consumers, as computerized equipment "bytes" into the home exercise market. Retail sales of home exercise equipment is expected to grow from \$600 million in 1984 to \$1.6 billion in 1989, with computerized, gadget-laden models accounting for about 25% of sales.

Sears and Roebuck, which advertised a primitive rowing machine in its 1920's catalogs, devoted 31 pages of a recent catalog to home fitness equipment (including a top-of-the-line, computerized rowing machine for \$3,000). Says Richard Williford, a Sears spokesman: "Ex-

ercise equipment is the strongest-selling merchandise in our sportings-goods department this year."

At The Sharper Image stores, where electronic fitness devices are displayed alongside such futuristic gadgets as video telephones and talking bathroom scales, high-tech exercise equipment accounts for roughly 20% of sales. "And that market is growing quickly," says regional manager Scott Mullen. "Home gyms are big right now, and people want state-of-the-art equipment in their gyms. It's just the latest status symbol—like swimming pools once were."

Before the advent of computerized fitness equipment, true fitness buffs often sweated it out under the strict supervision of a personal-fitness trainer charging \$35-\$80 a session. The newest machines replace the human coach with a silicon-chip coach. The push of a button commands the machine to electronically compute fitness statistics and compare them to past performances.

But who has time to worry about pushing buttons while pushing their body to the limit? Computerized scanners take care of that. By feeding appropriate data into the control board at the beginning of the workout, a digital read-out flashes across an LCD screen showing time elapsed, calories burned, speed, distance, heartrate, and other fitness variables throughout the exercise session.

"The computerized gadgets can really help with a fitness program," says Mullen. "It's like a coach right there pushing you. Some people just can't do it on their own without someone or something telling, 'Now do 10 more strokes.'"

Those seeking a strong body via modern machines had best have a strong bank account. Physical fitness and fiscal fitness go hand-in-hand in the age of technology. Most microchip exercise bikes, treadmills, and rowing machines retail for \$2,000-\$3,000. A gadgetized stairclimber is available for \$3,500. Does working up a sweat with Dr. Ruth looking on sound intriguing? One manufacturer puts out a computerized exercise cycle with a built-in color TV and radio for a mere \$4,200.

Even without a television screen just inches away, today's exercise machines have enough computerized gadgets to break the boredom for the most jaded fitness fanatics. "All the electronic gadgetry is fun to play around with," admits Patrick Martin, manager of Advanced Fitness Systems, a distributor of Monark

☞ continued on page 77

SPOTLIGHT ON PHOTOGRAPHER DAVE AUERBACH

The outstanding D-cuppers Dave Auerbach found and photographed remain as a tribute to his talent.

Photographer and talent-scout extraordinaire Dave Auerbach covered the Las Vegas territory, and discovered some of the most incredible D-cuppers we've featured in GENT. Dave has retired, but we have some outstanding memories, like gorgeous, full-blown beauty Angel, shown here, who was our October, 1984 centerfold. A Mexican/American, Angel was 25-years-old, 5'5" tall, weighed a healthy 165 pounds and boasted a 44-35-45 figure. Dave had a penchant for the fabulously full-figured beauties. Angel personifies the "ideal" Auerbach model and the type of voluptuous gal who was considered the epitome of female beauty when the Nevada territory was really the wild west.



ANGEL



DENISE

You'd think Las Vegas, with its lure of show business, big bucks, glamour and sex would be fertile territory for any photographer, including those seeking big, buxom beauties, many of whom can be found working at the casinos and clubs in this playground on the desert. But, for some reason, although many photographers have tried, very few have succeeded in discovering the kinds of incredible models Auerbach was able to find and photograph for us. He seemed



to have not only a knack for knowing where to find D-cuppers like Denise, on these pages, but also how to photograph them to their very best advantage. Denise was discovered back in 1980 and her combination of red hair and a pair of whopping 50 inch knockers with dark, saucer-sized areolae were a winning combination. Denise also had a full, but not fat, figure with big, lush thighs and a nice plump tummy. Those featured along with a beautiful face and desire to please by posing exactly as Dave asked her to, including a maximum of pink, open shots, kept her at the top of the GENT list of favorites for a very long time. Readers still write about Denise.







ROBYN

Auerbach discovered and photographed Robyn for the September, 1984 issue of GENT. This pretty red haired bundle of pulchritudinous pleasure was working as a waitress and barmaid at a Vegas casino and wasting her major talents (43 inch tits and a plump, roly-poly 43-32-45 figure) by keeping it covered.





● One of photographer Auerbach's secrets for success in procuring models was that he didn't try to get the chorus girls or showgirls because although they are glamorous and beautiful, it was the buxom, earthy types like Robyn that he knew had that special GENT appeal. Robyn said the idea of modeling hadn't even come to mind but this 19-year-old bundle of freckled flesh and impish charm became a favorite with those of us who love huge, cherry tipped tits, rolls of feminine flesh, large soft thighs and an alluring, sparsely furred cunt opened invitingly in a variety of classic GENT poses. Our thanks to Dave.





PATTY

Patty, shown on these two pages, was a Las Vegas showgirl, but one who had the kind of Rubenesque figure that Dave knew would be a big hit in GENT. And he was right. As one fan wrote in response to her January, 1984 appearance, "there's nothing like a big, beautiful woman with perfect facial features, soft bedroom eyes, huge tits and long, tantalizing legs," and he was aptly describing Patty, who certainly possessed all of the above endowments and then some. Although she was far from fat (not even in the "chubby" class) she was full-bodied.





We're sure that Las Vegas is teeming with beauties like the four Auerbach discoveries we've shown here, but with Dave retired, there has been a real lack of D-cup photos from Nevada. Perhaps someone will come along who's good enough to fill his shoes, because it would be a shame not to tap this veritable gold mine of talent. However, we agree that it seems to take a special talent, not only to find the girls, but to talk them into posing and then do the shooting just right and so far, no one has measured up to our exacting standards. And not only was Dave an accomplished talent scout and photographer, but he was also remarkably talented with a film camera. Before retiring he produced a memorable 60 minute videotape titled "The Girls of Las Vegas" which stars all of these models. See page 96 for details.





SAVIDA: A New Sensation

Here's a charming newcomer who is a real sensational find. Twenty-three-years-old, Savida is 5'8" tall and her measurements are 40-24-34 (although we swear she looks bustier). Talk about an overloaded bra! Her breasts above and right look like they're about to create an avalanche... which they do in the great full-figured shot on the next page, spilling down almost to her navel and yet retaining an amazing fullness. For a first time model, Savida appears to be amazingly relaxed and open in front of the camera.





We haven't been so impressed with a newcomer since the debut of the now legendary Keli Stewart almost a decade ago.

Like the legendary Keli Stewart, another mulatto beauty who has been a GENT superstar for almost a decade (and who was featured just last month), Savida is tall, slender and incredibly stacked. She has the same type of beautifully shaped "hangers" and, like Keli, she possesses the ability to make posing look natural and fun. Ace photographer Lance Kincaid says he hasn't been so impressed in years.









Savida possesses a fun-loving, natural charm and eroticism and loves to show off her body—tits, ass and pussy. She is destined to become a very popular model.

Savida's a natural for selection as our third "Video Covergirl," GENT's exclusive series of 30 minute videotapes which give the viewer an opportunity to get to know some of our models. See the back cover of this issue for all of the details on Savida's video. She has an excellent camera presence and a body that is, to say the least, outstanding. Born in Hawaii, she later lived in New York and now resides in California. She says she began developing at a young age and now wears a 34DD-cup bra. Fun loving, she likes dining, movies and nice men.







BY STANLEY HILL

UNCLE JACK

Why would anybody put a stud like Uncle Jack in a shithouse retirement home like Sunnyview?

Well, they finally did it, just as I had feared they would—packed me up and sent me off to the Sunnyview Retirement Home.

The reason my son, Todd, gave as he hustled me out the door was, he needed time alone with Sally “to straighten out our personal problems.”

Sally being his slut wife. *Personal problems* being the fact that the woman is getting it from everyone but her husband. I understand she’s been “had” by (among others): the milkman, the

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DEL: She's Loaded



This is a good month for new discoveries, and we're delighted... especially with this John Lomax find, a gal who is "loaded" to the max! One glimpse of her magnificent mammaries, above, and you know that you're in the presence of a D-cup sensation! Her name is Del, she's 25-years-old, and we can't imagine where she's been hiding.





Although, thanks to GENT, huge breasts have finally gotten the exposure they deserve, there are still a lot of hugely endowed beauties out there who don't know that they're packing a pair of natural treasures around. A gal like Del might be a local sensation, but unless one of GENT's fans or photographers happen to find her, a girl like her can stay hidden away forever in some backwater town.



When a model can perform "acrobatic" tit poses like that at left, there's no doubt that she's "loaded" up top.







This debut layout on Del says it all! She has a pair of hangers so heavy that they actually separate on her chest, creating a valley between them. In a test of their true size, she demonstrates her ability to suck her nipples and, on the previous page, tuck them under her arms. At 5'6" tall and weighing 142 pounds, Del is a borderline "chubby" with a great, succulent butt, full, fleshy thighs and a soft, rounded tummy that, unfortunately, she keeps under wraps in this layout. We hope the future will reveal more.







Candidly Yours

This month's "Candidly Yours" gal will really fuel your fire! Meet C.J., whose most obvious attraction (other than her 36-24-35 inch bod) is her hairy underarms, legs and pussy. But when summer comes, she shaves it all off!

C.J., who's from Ohio, didn't give her age, but tells us she's 5'7" tall, weighs 120 pounds and wears a 36D bra to support her titties!



Like what you see? Send us your gal's full front, side and rear nude pix. We'll pay her \$50-100 if accepted.



UNCLE JACK

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mailman, the paperboy, the kid who delivers from Ralph's Deli, the butcher, the baker and even the girl next-door.

I really couldn't care less; I fucked little Sally out long ago.

So I resigned myself to living out my remaining years in a rocking chair, listening to the half-assed droolings of some old fart not nearly as interesting as myself.

And then I began meeting some new and exciting friends. Namely, the fine young ladies on the Sunnyview nursing staff. Like Deedra, for instance.

The morning after my arrival she popped in to check on me. As she stepped in and walked across the room toward me, the Travis McGee novel I'd been reading fell out of my hands. She was your typical California wet dream—barely 18-years-old, with a nice ass, full, firm breasts, and a thick mane of kinky blonde hair.

"Oh, dear." She stooped to pick up the book, allowing me a tantalizing peek at her cleavage. "Is that nasty arthritis acting up again, Mr. Thompson?"

"Just a trifle, Miss—"

"Deedra. You can call me Dee. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth." I looked a little ashamed and glanced towards the bathroom. "Kind of hard to maneuver with these sore fingers."

"No problem. I've given aid like that before."

Not with me you haven't, baby, I thought, as she led me into the bathroom.

She unzipped me and slid a hand in to get hold of my cock. She gave me an encouraging little smile; not the least bit bashful, this one. I grinned back broadly and hoped my upper plate wouldn't fall out.

Things were beginning to tingle and get firm down there. My breath was coming faster and my heart was pumping madly. I hadn't felt like this since my slut daughter-in-law had first started going braless and feeling me up while my son was at work.

"Oh, my," Dee gasped. She had my cock out and just stood staring as it grew stiff in her hand. "Goodness, aren't we a big fellow!"

"Ten inches." It was fully engorged now, the veins standing out along the thick shaft, running up to the big purple head that pulsed with a life of its own. "Ever had one that long?"

Dee shook her head.

"You want this one?"

She looked up with a "Jeez, can I?" expression.

In response, I pulled her to me and slid my tongue into her mouth. Dee moaned, closed her eyes, and answered with hungry thrusts of her own tongue. As we tasted each other, suddenly excited by the hot moisture and all it promised, I popped the snaps of her tunic and ran one hand over the silky cups of her bra. The other hand I moved down her back to her ass and squeezed and shoved, forcing her crotch against my throbbing hard-on.

She broke the kiss long enough to mutter, "Bed," and we left the bathroom, the need to piss forgotten, and moved to the single bed in the corner of my room.

We quickly undressed, then stood for a moment admiring each other. Dee's bush was as soft and naturally blonde as her hair, her tits lovely white mounds that sagged not an inch when her bra was removed. Her nipples were hard little points, the areolae huge, round patches of pink flesh that nearly covered the peaks of her tits.

Then I lunged at her and we fell back onto the bed. I straddled Dee and spread her cuntlips to expose her glistening hole. Without a word, I placed the swollen head of my cock in her entrance and rode forward slowly, letting my fat salami sink gradually into her tight little tunnel.

"Oh, God," Dee groaned when I was in her to the hilt. "I didn't think I could take all of yours, Mr. Thompson."

"Call me 'Uncle Jack,' dear girl," I said, and suddenly started hammering away. Dee gasped and locked her long muscular legs around my back. Her fingernails dug into my shoulders until I thought she might draw blood. I withdrew my rod all the way to the glans, then humped back in. Dee arched her back to meet my thrusts and the muscles of her young pussy tightened, as if to milk my cock for everything it could get.

I slid my hands beneath her lovely tits and lifted them to my mouth. Her nipples were hard and erect as I teased them with my tongue, squeezed the tiny knobs between my teeth until Dee squealed in pain.

"Shit, we're coming!" Dee hissed. I shot my hot load into her belly. She bucked and screamed until I had to shove the edge of my pillow into her mouth to stifle her.

When I had pumped out all of my jizz, I went to pull my limp dick out of

Dee's pussy, but she begged me to leave it in so she could feel it get soft inside her. Before I finally withdrew, the girl shuddered and gasped through at least three more orgasms.

"If there's anything at all you need, Uncle Jack," Dee said as we climbed back into our clothes, "just let me know. It's a great honor for me to help my elders."

Obviously that is true. In the ensuing days, my new friend grew daring, wearing uniforms tight enough to show off her big tits (usually braless), her nice asscheeks (nix on the panties, too) and that wonderful gap between her thighs at the crotch. We carried on like a pair of acrobats, and it did me good.

However, a couple of old turds had to be carried out feet first when my hot little piece asked if they needed a helping hand.

Deedra is a darling; I couldn't ask for better. But one thing was lacking—she was simply incapable of an adequate blowjob. The good deepthroat style that I enjoy. Dee was a real trooper, but she just couldn't get the ol' cattle prod all the way in. Only one person I've fucked since I lost my cherry has been able to swallow the log completely.

Then came Liza.

One evening, I was in Mrs. Epstein's room discussing a book from Sunnyview's library. It was Kafka's *The Trial*, about a man put on trial but never told for what crime. These sadists really do allow such books to get into the hands of impressionable old people who need all the sleep they can get. (Especially when one of those "old people" is humping the brains out of an 18-year-old nympho named Dee.)

At nine o'clock there came a knock at Mrs. Epstein's door. A young dark-skinned woman looked in and said it was time for bed.

"Thank you, Liza," Mrs. Epstein said. "Do give me a hand, will you?"

"Sure, Mrs. Epstein." As she helped the old woman out of her robe and into bed, I had a moment to study her. Liza was the kind of girl who could make every cock in a room hard by her mere presence. Her hair, black and shining, hung straight to the small of her back. She had the proud, high-cheekboned face of an Indian, her haughty brown eyes daring you. Her trim body she carried like an athlete, and the tight uniform she wore clung to her breasts, belly and ass like a second skin.

I acted nonchalant, making as if to collect my sweater and book, but I could not fail to notice Mrs. Epstein's hand

creep up under Liza's dress—exposing a round, naked ass—and tease her asshole with one long fingernail. Liza gasped and tensed her body as the fingernail tickled her backdoor.

“Stop by later?” Mrs. Epstein whispered, and Liza nodded.

I mumbled my good evenings and got. I had started down the hall when an arm encircled mine and pulled it between a pair of small, firm tits.

“Walk you to your room, Mr. Thompson?” Liza smiled up at me, and my cock stiffened as a musky scent hit my nose.

“Thank you, my dear, that would be nice. But please call me ‘Uncle Jack.’”

We arrived at my room kissing and feeling each other up. I felt like a kid in high school again, getting a handful of the cheerleader everyone else wanted (as it turned out, Liza actually was a football cheerleader . . . only 18-years-old). Once inside, I locked the door and turned to find Liza already naked, stretched out like a tawny cat on my bed, staring boldly at the mountain peak of my crotch.

“Better get out of those pants before you punch a hole through them,” said Liza, running her hands over her breasts and down to the black forest of hair. Her legs spread to give me a flash of juicy pink twat. “Like humping young pussy?”

“On occasion,” I said, trying to act

cool, but failing to hide my desire. “I’m really quite content, though.”

Liza nodded. “I know. You’re fucking the shit out of Deedra, on the morning shift.”

My jaw must have bounced three times off the floor before I closed it.

“Yeah, she told me. We go to the same school. Dee really likes you, and I can see why, now. Why would anyone put a stud like you into a shithouse institution like Sunnyview?”

“No good reason. So Dee is spilling her guts around the old alma mater, eh? Terrific, I really need a scandal at my age.”

“Don’t worry, I’m the only person she told. The reason she even mentioned it to me at all was because she was feeling bad about being unable to overcome the gag reflex so she could take that baseball bat down her throat.”

“What,” I asked, “has that got to do with you?”

Liza moved so that she was lying across the middle of the bed on her stomach. She ran her tongue over her lips. “I’ve been blowing my teachers for passing grades all semester. They’re all little sausages, though; I’m looking for a real man to give me a challenge.”

I moved to the bed, unfastened my pants and let them fall to my ankles. My cock, fully engorged and aching with the need, stood straight out, so close to her face I could feel her hot breath on it.

“Beautiful,” Liza murmured, staring at my throbbing organ in awe. She took the head in her hands, spread the tiny lips and worked the nail of her pinky finger between them. My body shook spastically, and I wondered if I could remain standing through this.

She massaged the head, then slowly caressed the inflamed shaft, I had to suck air in frantically as she reached my balls and began fondling them. Carefully, but not overly gentle, she squeezed my testicles together, then each one separately. She pulled and rubbed the thick, leathery scrotum until I thought I could no longer hold my juices in.

“God, you’re a fucking horse,” she said, looking at me the way only a teenage girl in heat can look.

“Such language from a young lady,” I laughed. “Now, are you going to diddle me around all night, or are you going to suck my cock? If you don’t think you can handle it, I’ll just poke your slippery little slit for you.”

“Such language from an elderly gentleman,” Liza retorted sarcastically, and before I knew it, she had the head of my prick in her mouth, clenching it gently between her teeth and lips.

Liza grasped my asscheeks, one in each hand and guided me steadily forward, letting inch after inch of my python slither down her throat. Her tongue stroked and moistened the shaft as it slid past her lips.

Upon reaching the end of my cock, she clamped her lips around the huge trunk. We were both breathing in ragged gasps, Liza making desperate little noises.

“Want me to hump your throat?” I asked, then remembered she could hardly articulate an answer. “Squeeze my balls: two for yes, one for no.”

She squeezed my balls twice. *Hard*. My head whirled and it was all I could do to keep from coming.

“Okay, here it comes.” I bent and grasped the back of her head to keep steady, and began to move my cock in and out ever-so-slightly. Liza moaned and writhed on the bed, her pussy saturating the sheets. Encouraged, I increased the lengths of the strokes until I could pull it out as far as the base of the head.

As I rammed my pecker down for the last time, I felt my cock quiver in orgasm. Liza knew what was coming and moved her tongue frantically against the shaft. Her fingers plied my balls—pushing, pulling, spreading and rubbing them together till they could no

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“You were right about one thing...It does sound like a beaver slapping its tail on the water!”

Editor's Notebook

A succulent sampling from the new GENT special edition, "The Girls of GENT," now on sale.



"The Girls of GENT," 1987 edition, a collection of the most popular model's layouts of the past year, is now available by mail (see page 21 for details). This edition is designed for the avid fan/collector and the infrequent reader who may have missed the original issues.

Louisa Melendez, **left**, sister of porn star Melissa, is a rare combination of big tits and a movie star face. Too bad she models only infrequently. **Above**, the beautiful and amazingly hirsute Kellie Everts' June, 1986 appearance proved to be one the year's most popular layouts.



Poland's greatest gift to the free world is Danuta, **above**, who has become an international celebrity. She's only 4'11" tall but her stellar 41 inch tits, gorgeous body and a special "star" quality has the men clamoring for everything about Danuta they can find.



The word "breasts" is inadequate to describe Toni Francies' protruberances, **left**. The incomparable English model who made her debut in October, 1985 is now our staff columnist and an "udderly" magnificent D-cupper.



A long time GENT favorite, Barbara Alton, **left**, has been described as "the ultimate sex object," an accurate assessment, we believe. To prove her sex appeal is more than surface, petite (5 feet tall, 100 pounds), but magnificent (39-24-36) Barbara poses while getting porked by a very lucky male partner.

Trinity Loren, **below**, is at the top in the porn business, but still finds time to show off her beautiful face and figure for her appreciative GENT fans. One of the stars of "The Big Tit Orgy," featured (and advertised) elsewhere in this issue, Trinity was also chosen for the "Girls of GENT"



Unfortunately, some of our greatest gals get away and Linda Bates, **left**, hasn't been in the pages of GENT since her May, 1986 appearance. We certainly feel that she merits another look...a 44-27-36 beauty who left a lasting impression.



Tall, slim, blonde and beautiful Terri, **right**, is the kind of gal who is picked by readers as their annual favorite. She is tall (5'10"), magnificently stacked, with a 40-23-34 figure and pendulous type knockers.



Madeline, **above**, is a cutie with a magnificent body (39-28-36) and a streak of exhibitionism. Proud of her perfect tush, she doesn't miss an opportunity to show it off. Don't miss her in the new "Girls Of GENT."

Beautiful, buxom (43-27-36) Virginia, **below**, is a model who became a star without ever having to spread her legs to show pussy. Well, persistence pays and, in the November issue, Virginia will show it all.



UNCLE JACK

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longer contain their load. I shot wad after wad into Liza's throat, the sticky liquid burning a path down to her stomach as she greedily swallowed each new eruption.

Finally emptied, I withdrew my flaccid cock, dripping with saliva and cum, from her throat. Gasping and coughing, Liza rolled over onto her back and looked up at me with warm affection.

"Did I do good?" she asked, wiping the dribbles of cum off her chin.

"You did wonderfully. But don't you think you should be going? It is pretty late."

She shook her head. "I always sign out before I help Mrs. Epstein to bed. You probably noticed I give her a little more than a nurse is required to give the patients here."

"I looked the other way," I said, winking. "She's probably waiting for you to join her. I don't want to monopolize you."

Liza pulled me down onto the bed. "No big deal; she falls asleep if I don't get back to her in 15 minutes. So that means I can spend the night with my new 'uncle' and let him monopolize the hell out of me."

I did so, gladly.

About a month later, I got an unexpected visit from my daughter in-law, Sally (you remember, the slut). She

came for more than just friendly bullshit about the weather, that was clear. Her 38 inch boobs jiggled freely under a tight blue T-shirt with "Built To Bust Balls" emblazoned across the front. I remember thinking how her jeans must be stopping the circulation of blood and her cuntlips would probably fall off when she finally pried herself out of them.

In my room, we sat on the dumpy little sofa for a few uncomfortable minutes, then Sally got up the gumption to speak her mind.

"I'm leaving him, Dad, and there's nothing you can say to stop me."

"I'm not going to try to stop you. Todd's a fine young man; he'll get another woman—a *better* woman—quickly enough."

"I know. He is good. And kind." Sally suddenly turned to me, her face flushed. "But he bores me in bed. I need a man who can keep up with me, treat me the way I want to be treated."

"You miss *this*?" I took her hand and pressed it against the long, tubular lump running down my pants leg.

Sally closed her eyes and shuddered as her hand caressed and squeezed my cock. "Oh, God, yes!" she murmured. I could see her mind flashing back to the days we spent when my son was at work: I, walking around from room to room, with Sally impaled on my spike, grinding onto me and screaming hysterically, "Please, fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

"I want you," she said. "As soon as I get the divorce and the alimony checks are coming regularly, you can move in with me. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

To emphasize the point, Sally leaned

into me, flicking her tongue against my lips, trying to pry them apart. Her hands brought one of mine to the faded crotch of her jeans to stroke the warm crevice of her pussy. Her nipples were hard as rocks, and when she failed to get in my mouth, she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled her tits to my face. The little cunt knew I loved to see her in T-shirts without a bra, and she made sure the material was running silkily over my face as she offered her mounds to me.

I almost lost control. I could have torn Sally's clothes off right there and banged myself out of Sunnyview via her hot little twat. Instead, I stood, pulled Sally to her feet and ushered her to the door.

"Sorry, but I have another family now. I have eight "nieces." Eight! They respect me and talk to me and hump the bejeezus out of me whenever I need it."

"You old goat," said Sally, "you're just fucking a bunch of those nurses. They're only teenagers; they'll leap on anything that even remotely resembles a dick."

"So do you. Been nice having you in the family, Sally. Been nice having you, *period*. But you are fucked out. I'm an old man, sure, but I'll pack it in before I settle for second best!"

I grabbed Sally and gave her a long, wet kiss, squeezing her tits with one hand while stroking her cunt with the other. As soon as I felt her soaking her jeans with excitement, I broke all contact, pushing her out the door.

"You bastard," she whispered, her breasts heaving in her state of arousal. "You just blew your chance of ever getting out of Sunnyview."

Sally the Slut spun on one heel and stalked down the hall and out of my sex life forever.

I stood, watching her go, my gonads pleading with me to go after her, drag her back to my room and give her the balling of her life.

"Sir?"

I turned. A young nurse of about 20 was watching me with a worried expression. She was a redhead with freckles, short and rather plump, with the biggest pair of knockers I'd ever seen—42 inches, easy, torturing the buttons of her uniform.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Er, a little dizzy," I said. "Could you help me to bed?"

"Yeah." She let me lean on her. "You're Mr. Thompson, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. We reached my room and I closed the door behind us, locking it. "But, please, dear girl, just call me 'Uncle Jack.'" **G**



"The dollar doesn't go far these days, but for 50 of them, I will."



TAMMY: Another View

This is our second layout on Tammy, a vivacious youngster we introduced last April in the centerfold slot. It is interesting to compare the techniques of different photographers and how they shoot the same model.





This layout on Tammy was shot by English photographer Peter Marchant while he was visiting Los Angeles. Peter gave Tammy a more "earthy" look than Lance Kincaid did in April when he gave 38DD-25-36 Tammy the "glamour" treatment.







As wholesome and “fresh from the farm” looking as Tammy is, she’s no stranger to sex. She has done a couple of hardcore videos since her GENT debut and she really knows how to pour on the heat, giving big dicked Ron Jeremy just about all he can handle in the video “Good N’ Plenty” which is reviewed in this month’s “Boob Tube” column. Plus, her performance in “Big Busty #22,” which we reviewed last issue was also judged a winner. Although she’s not as pendulous, she reminds us a lot of Annie Owens (“Oral Annie”) in the shot, left... perhaps because Annie liked to hold her tits up by the nipples and lick her lips. We hope now that Tammy has entered the video field that we’ll be seeing more of her in the pages of GENT. She’s a type that is very popular with our readers—not *huge* busted but with a pair of full hangers decorated with nice, dark areolae and nose-cone shaped nipples... and her body is a study in voluptuous symmetry.





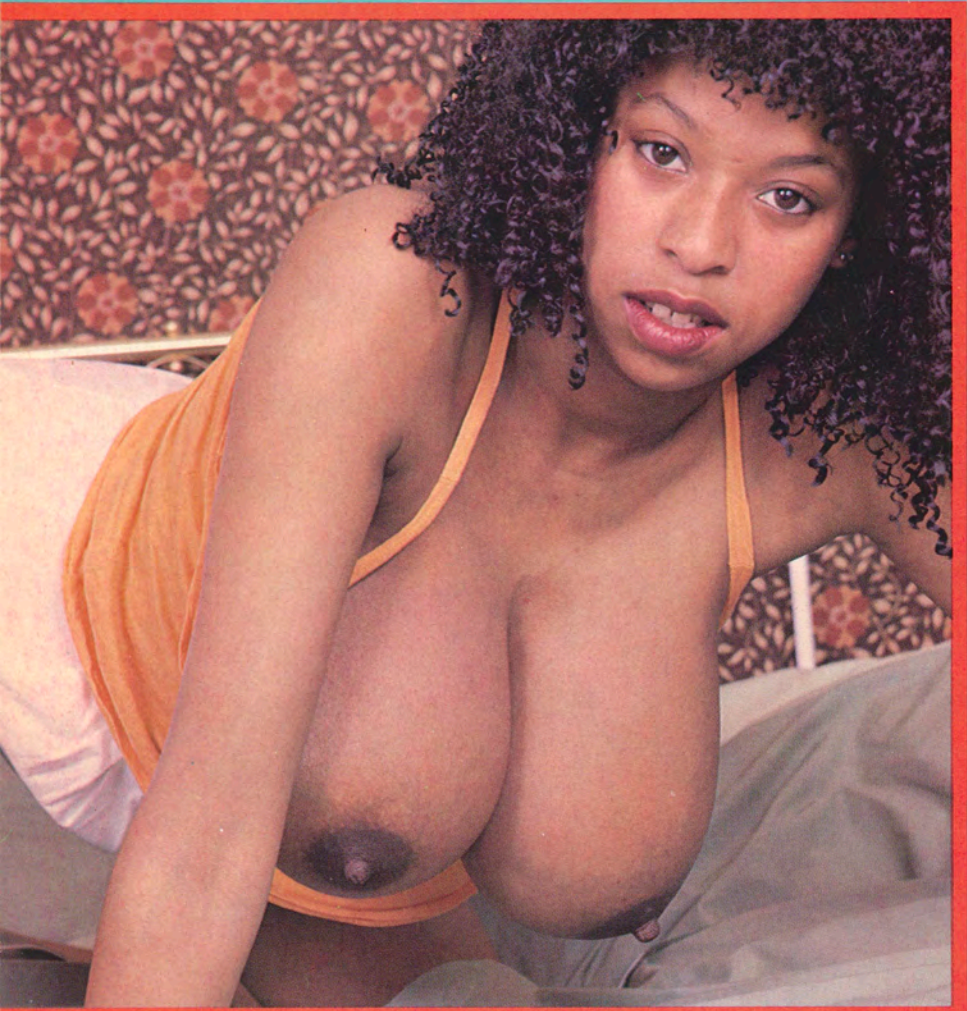


KARMEN: Impressive But Shy

Many of you may recognize Karmen who was featured in last June's "Candidly Yours," section, a forum for unknowns. Well, we received such an avalanche of mail about her that we dispatched English photographer Peter Marchant to shoot her for a feature layout. Well, as it turned out, Karmen was as reluctant as she is endowed, to pose.







“I talked myself hoarse,” Peter tells us,” but the enclosed photos are all I could get of this incredibly endowed novice.” Well, at least you can all see what the fuss is about. We’ve had gals like Karmen who have later turned around and become full-fledged models willing to show it all. Tiny Karmen, according to the June issue, is just five feet tall and weighs 102 pounds, but her measurements are an incredible 44-25-34. From the opening shot in this layout you can see what a sensation those tits are.



EXERCISE

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and Universal exercise equipment. "But I often tell people you almost need a PhD to figure out some of these machines."

Universal's Aerobicycle, for example, is equipped with more switches, buttons, flashing lights, variable-speed beepers, and computer chips than the control board on a NASA shuttle—and all for \$2,200. The built-in microcomputer provides 15 modes to monitor your every move. One of several "personal fitness programs" includes an uphill climb with corresponding pedal resistance to simulate a grueling cycling course suitable for elite athletes. A green light charts your progress on a computer screen so that hills and valleys can be anticipated.

The pacer (a sort of microchip metronome) can be programmed at any number of speeds. By following the rhythmic beeps and making one revolution for each beep, a steady pace can be maintained. Should you slough off your selected speed, never fear, the computer will remind you with a flashing red light. When you get up to speed again, the light will switch to a constant red. Of course, the computer screen provides a steady readout of rpms, watts, calories, time/distance elapsed, and other vital statistics.

Aerobic walking—also known as wogging or racewalking—has become the exercise of choice for many people, causing a run on treadmills at exercise equipments shops. While some hardcore runners see walking as a wimpy workout, it can be every bit as aerobic as running if done at a rapid speed with a few hills thrown in. Walking at four mph up a 15% grade is equivalent to running at 7 mph on level ground.

Treadmill manufacturers, anticipating this new wave in working out, have included uphill grades and walking programs on the latest treadmills. Monarch's \$3,400 Coarsesetter includes computerized speeds (up to nine mph) and elevations (up to 20% grade) which change automatically. The \$4,000 Trotter provides nine computerized programs, including a 15-minute "Walking Program" with a number of elevation changes and a 45-minute "Pritikin Program" designed for recuperating heart patients. This machine also allows do-it-yourself types to design their own computer program with a variety of speeds and elevations.

Rowing machines have been the hottest item on the home exercise market for several years. Their overall sales are second only to exercise bikes, which have been around a decade longer. Rowing machine manufacturers, determined not to miss the boat as the exercise industry enters the computer age, have gadgetized the basic rower with computerized stroke counters, distance and speed monitors, electronic pacers, and calorie counters.

Balley Fitness Products—makers of the Life Cycle exercise bike—leads the race in the category of gizmos, gadgets and gimmicks. Balley's \$2,700 Life Boat stands out from the fleet of rowers on the market with its innovative sound effects (the snap of the starting gun and cheer of the crowd) and visual effects (moving boats in competition on a computer screen).

A computer-controlled "pace" boat and a human-controlled boat compete against each other on a 13-inch color video screen. By setting the pace boat speed and attempting to keep up with or surpass it, the thrill of victory or the agony of defeat can be experienced in the comfort of your living room or home gym.

The newest high-tech gizmo for rowing machines is a computer program for

waves and rapids. Presumably, the choppy water requires considerable muscle power and skill to maneuver. Balley already has such a feature, which can be added to existing machines by switching computer chips.

The Life Boat is an example of "the new age of exercise equipment" according to Balley spokesman, Mike Zinda. "Most companies are using computers and digital readouts now," says Zinda. "The next step is to turn exercise into a game or competition. Future fitness equipment will be motivational and user-friendly."

The newest trend in new-fangled fitness is the stairclimber. Imagine climbing a moving escalator and never getting to the top, and you have the concept of the stairclimber. Designed for the superfit (or those who want to be), this machine provides calorie-burning and aerobic benefits quickly due to the enormous workload required.

Prices for Tri-Tech's Stairmaster start at \$1,995 and climb up to \$3,395 for the computerized model, which spits out a dot matrix printout of present and past performances for recordkeeping purposes.

The detailed printout shows the initial goal (number of floors to be climbed),

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"Could you call back? I'm giving Miss Harper a tongue lashing!"

Women Who Love Younger Men

BY AMY CUVIER

John, my research assistant, never knew what hit him. When I met him in the convention center, I was respectably dressed in a black wool skirt and cashmere sweater that skimmed neatly over my D-cup breasts. Only my four-inch black heels and dark stockings hinted at my secret—a tight-fitting garter-style corset that held up my stockings, pushed up my titties, and bared my pussy. A deliciously wicked sensation built in my crotch each time I oh-so-carefully crossed my legs. I was looking forward to this sweet seduction.

The elegant dinner passed in a haze of innuendo and free-flowing wine. John at 21 was a full six years younger than I, and it was obvious that my hard-earned cool both flustered and excited him. When I pressed my stocking leg against him, the napkin in his lap rose like a white flag of surrender.

“Are you coming on to me?” he asked. His open, uncalculated honesty made me squirm with white heat.

“Do you mind?” I countered, slipping one hand under the table where I rubbed lightly at his thigh.

He sighed, ever so softly. “Not at all.”

“Then why don’t we cut this short and head back to my suite for a private conference?”

Flushed with desire, he could only nod.

Minutes later we stood in my expensive suite pressed together in a passionate kiss. His





The attraction of older women is nothing new. Their experience and poise—in bed and out—have long enticed younger men. Society's willingness to accept such pairings, however, is a fascinating new development.

eager tongue plunged down my throat like a cock, while the stiffness against my belly threatened to split his pants. With lustful eagerness, I peeled off his clothes, pausing an instant before removing his briefs. "You could have been an underwear model," I breathed. My cunt creamed as I tantalized myself with the lump waiting under the white fabric. Then I rolled down his briefs and sank to my knees before him.

He groaned. "I can't believe it," he whispered. "My girlfriend won't even touch it." Silly twat, I thought, wrapping my mouth around that magnificent organ. It was swollen with desire, beautifully erect, yet neither too thick nor too long to fully enjoy. That cock had been made for licking, and I was only too happy to oblige. Sucking down and around like a vacuum cleaner, I ignored his groans of pleasure and protest until he'd shot a good thick wad right down my throat.

"But what about you?" he sputtered softly.

I smiled. The best thing about initiating the inexperienced is showing them

just how long the fun can really last. I switched on the radio and turned down the light, then began to shimmy out of my clothes. By the time I was down to corset, stockings and heels, John was hot and hard again.

Throughout history, the love of the young and the beautiful has always been one of the prime perks of power. Catherine II of Russia maintained a harem of lusty young studs, each certified disease-free by a doctor and tested for sexual skill by a specially appointed lady-in-waiting. Diane de Poitiers, once the richest woman in France, settled for just one youthful lover, but that one was a winner: 20 years younger than her King Henri II of France relied on her advice and lovemaking until her death 30 years after he'd taken the throne in his late teens. And, of course, influential woman writers from George Sand (Chopin's lover, who adopted the male pen name to bypass the prejudices of her day) to Erica Jong have traditionally

found their efforts rewarded with the sexual attentions of younger men.

Still, although society is shocked—or pretends to be—is it really any wonder that wealth, influence, and power help a woman win attractive young lovers? The young companion of a Mary Tyler Moore or a Joan Collins may invite media attention, but the real shocker today is the number of quite ordinary ladies who are winning younger men. What's the attraction? And why are many observers claiming that the younger men/older woman couple is *the* pair of the future?

Louisiana native Barbie, no crone herself at 23, actively pursues younger men for one reason. "I love virgins," she grins. "They're so excited, they want to do it all night, over and over again. And, besides, they're so grateful!" We both laugh, remembering that Benjamin Franklin told young men to choose older women for much the same reason.

Still, at Barbie's age, the quest for younger lovers has definite problems. When she deflowered a youth of 18 (just over the state age of consent), the sex was so good that the boy fell in love. "Can you imagine what dating him was like?" she asks. "I had to worry about his parents—and *curfew!*" She also comments that she has to be very careful that her lover isn't *too* young, since the pursuit of an underage male could result in a charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

More conventional older women abound as well. Felice, a 52-year-old housewife interviewed in Joyce Sunil's *The New Lovers*, seems traditional in many ways. She does volunteer work in lieu of working for pay and she's neither especially young nor beautiful. "Sam could have a lot of young girls, because he's handsome and personable and knows what he's doing," she admits. "But somehow I'm so sure of myself that I know I never need to worry."

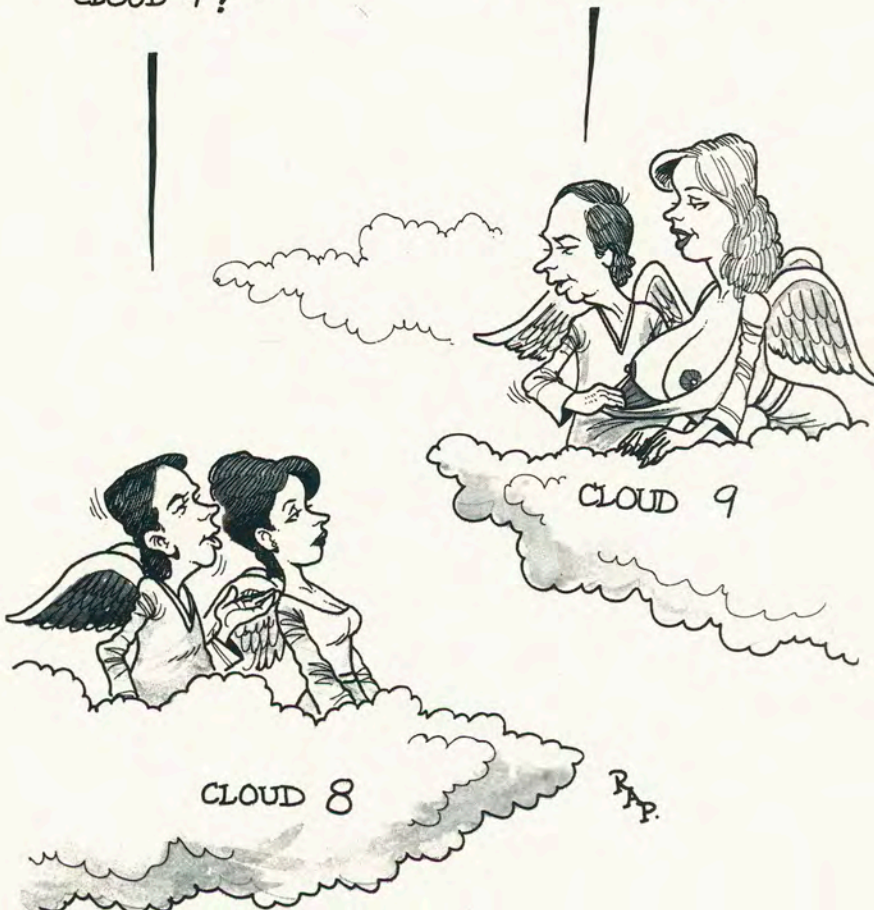
Sam agrees, saying, "She just offers more than anybody else." But that "more" isn't the money or prestige a younger man might have wanted in the past. Instead, it's an open, adventurous attitude toward life itself.

Like Felice, I've discovered that my younger man is more than a casual fling. My relationship with John is in its fourth year. In the beginning, our mutual attraction may have been purely physical but it has blossomed into infinitely more. What began as lust has ended as love.

Of course, the Census Bureau has a much less romantic view of the younger

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man/older woman coupling. We may feel that our love is a lucky accident, but actually the odds are stacked in our favor. Younger men and older women are going to pair up more and more often in the future—either that, or not pair up at all.

Consider the numbers. In the 20 to 24 age group, there are 126 suitable males for every 100 suitable females, while there are only 77 suitable males for every 100 females in the 25 to 29 age bracket. By the time you get to the 35 to 39 tier, there are only 48 suitable men for every 100 women. (These numbers are accurate only for whites. Similar stats calculated for blacks are probably worthless since young black men are badly under-counted in the census.) Unless the ladies over 35 want to go halves on a man their age, they'd better think about scooping up some of the surplus men under 25.

Whatever the numbers may say, damn few older woman/younger man combos feel like they're simply making do. The heightened sexuality of the mature female and the exceptional vigor of the younger male make for sexual dynamite. Listen to Rhonda, 33, talking about her affair with 18-year-old Chris. "I was really taken to the moon, to outer space. I think it was like being kissed for the first time. All the alarms went off—I began to lose weight, I couldn't eat, I couldn't keep my eyes off him... Sexually, it was just so incredible—I had never had sex like that before."

Keith, also 18, described his favorite fantasy in Nancy Friday's *Men in Love*. "I get turned on by women who are at least 20- or 25-years-old, and on up to about 50- or 55-years-old... At work, I pretend some lady with excellent legs and a good body comes up... she lifts up her dress which uncovers a pussy with pantyhose covering the bush. I start to lick her cunt through her pantyhose. After she starts to have her first orgasm, I pull her pantyhose off and lick her cunt and then we fuck for a while."

Contrary to malicious insinuations, the younger man isn't daydreaming of a younger lady while going through the motions with an older woman. Seduction, Friday discovered, is one of the most common male fantasies—and the fantasy seductress, like her real-life counterpart, is often older. Again and again, the men Friday interviewed expressed their desire for a woman who was more aggressive in bed. Many were well aware that these confident ladies would be older women who'd had the time to develop their sensual skills.



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Additional sexual sizzle springs from the fact that the unconventional couple knows it's doing something considered slightly kinky. Our culture tends to frown on older woman/younger men pairings, often criticizing them as an unhealthy attempt to form an Oedipal relationship. (Oedipus, you'll recall, was the unfortunate mythical king who married his own mother.) Flying in the face of such a strongly-felt taboo no doubt gives such romance an added kick. We all know that forbidden fruit tastes sweetest.

At 19, Jeff, a broad-shouldered college student with smoldering green eyes, was an object of lust to every woman who knew him. Girls his own age were afraid to approach this specimen of male hunkhood, and even ladies in their mid-to-late 20's (myself included) pretty much relegated him to fantasy. Surely this dreamboat was already taken... So it was that a professor of 35 was the first to win his virgin bod.

"She said she had some books she thought I'd be interested in, so I followed her back to her office," Jeff recalls with a shy smile. "When she closed the door and locked it behind me, I knew something was up. Before I could take a seat, she had both arms around me. I couldn't believe what she was whispering in my ear, this lovely self-assured professor of psychology. 'Do you want to fuck me?' she asked sweetly. Did I ever!"

The couple rented a hotel room for their first tryst, but pretty soon they were so hot for each other they'd flirted with semi-public sex all over campus. "It gave me an enormous feeling of power," Jeff admits. "Standing over her nude body, thrusting into her as she squirmed across her desk... Sensational!"

The moral of the story? Older women often have a better chance of snaring the man they want because they've developed the confidence to go after him. Jeff says now, "I did everything but go up to women and beg, 'Please, please take my virginity!' But none of the girls my own age seemed to take the hint. In fact, some of them even shied away from me." Jeff's impressive assets did intimidate the younger women, most of whom doubted that they could live up to such a paragon. But a lucky older woman, confident of her own abilities, felt more than ready to win this handsome young man. And so she did.

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EXERCISE

continued from page 77

whether the goal was reached or exceeded, total calories and watts burned, average pulse rate, and average speed. There is also a breakdown for each minute of the exercise session with speed, distance, watts, heart rate, and calorie count. Deciphering the myriad of fitness figures is no small task. This machine not only moves the muscles, it moves the mind.

For those determined to tax their bodies to the limit, the Versa Climber should do the trick. Called the "Rambo of exercise machines," this is probably the only piece of equipment you'll need if you're planning to overthrow a small country on your own. The vertical ladder-like contraption was used in "Rocky IV" (in the Russian fighter's high-tech training scenes).

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"Work level #1 is almost easy enough for the bed-ridden, and #15 is so difficult we don't expect anyone to ever complete it," says Dick Charnitski, president of Heart Rate Inc., manufacturer of the Versa Climber. Although the original Versa Climber is priced at \$3,000, a clone is available for \$599 at The Sharper Image stores throughout the country.

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While most modern machines have some sort of heart rate monitoring function incorporated, purists adhering to the nonmechanized philosophy of fitness may still wish to check their pulse rates during morning sit-up regimens or

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The pulse-monitor mode is activated by a wrist reading or electrodes that can be strapped to the chest (although the chest electrodes can be a nuisance during romantic encounters). The Pulsewatch also includes a stopwatch mode with split times and a variable-speed pacer with settings from 80 to 180 beeps per minute.

While the pulsewatch monitors your heartbeat, there is also a gadget for runners and walkers which measures your distance. West Bend's \$29.95 miniature pedometer straps to a running shoe and provides a digital distance readout. By picking one of three stride lengths (one-foot, two-foot, or three-foot strides), the pedometer tells you how many miles you've logged at the end of your exercise session.

Once you have enough fancy fitness machines and gadgets to move, motivate and monitor your muscles, why not one last machine to keep track of food intake? Lifetrax's \$49.00 Nutrition Computer analyzes the nutritional content of 425 different foods and beverages (alcoholic and nonalcoholic). Punching the appropriate food code into the handheld computer produces a digital readout of serving size, weight, calories, carbohydrates, cholesterol, fat, fiber, and protein.

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CAVE PAINTINGS
continued from page 33

said. "The company is *really* concerned about the environment and I have very senior status so that my opinions carry weight. It means, however, that I cannot jeopardize my position by getting too close to any of the junior staff or miners, and the few who are my equal in status are stuffy or married. I have a boyfriend on the coast," she added, "but he can get here only about once every six weeks and I get away no more often. It'll be at least another three weeks before I see him again," she whispered, as my clumsy fingers released the last hook and the bra's weighty contents fell free, "and these do *so* much need the attention."

"The cook was very concerned about the yogurt," I told her as she turned around to face me. "Can we manage without groceries today?"

She said nothing, but moved across to lock her office door before taking my hand and leading me to a corner where there were a couple of easy chairs. She removed three cushions and laid them on the floor.

"On your back, Peter," she commanded, and unzipped the business skirt.

Again, who was I to argue? I slipped out of my clothes and assumed a horizontal position...or rather, *most* of me did!

Under her skirt, Barbara was wearing plain cotton panties which matched the rather business-like bra that now lay on the carpet beside her desk. She rolled them down, stepped out of them and then, fully nude, went down on her hands and knees and crawled toward me. I propped up my head and shoulders with an extra cushion in order to more easily watch her.

There was no doubt she had chosen to approach me on all fours to enable her quite unbelievable breasts to hang in that freely suspended position that is the ultimate in desirability for the *real* tit-lover. Her massive udders dangled vertically downward from her chest, the nipples pointing directly at the office floor and the bulbous volume of each tit stretching so that its tip almost grazed the carpet...As she moved forward slowly, the great meaty pendulants swung rhythmically back and forth, then parted ponderously as she dragged them across my feet, causing my rigid cock to stiffen further.

"Keep it up, Peter," she said ap-

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provingly, then bounced her way up my shins and thighs until she was near enough to give its oozing end a deft lick with her lascivious tongue before its length was engulfed by the swaying boobs themselves... She didn't stop there, however, but moved further until she sat across my stomach and dangled her prodigious, distended, stretch-marked udders in front of my face.

"Go for them," she whispered, "It'll be the last attention they'll get for three weeks."

She put a hand on the floor on each side of my head and suspended her heavyweights on each side of my face and gently swung them so that they actually bounced in turn against my cheeks. The ecstasy of having those fabulous masses so close was almost unbearable. My cock was straining at full-length just behind her buttocks as she straddled me and I knew that I was going to need all of my willpower to avoid spurting all over her rear before giving her any satisfaction up top.

Gently I slid my hands around behind the vertical flesh-melons and stroked down them from their junction with her chest right to their teat-adorned bases, then set them swinging back and forth, first as a pair, then alternately. I put my hands, palms outward, between them and pushed them apart, then let them smack back against each other, before squashing them tight with pressure from the outside. In turn I gave each the attention of both hands, squeezing it between two sets of outstretched fingers which I dug deep into the pliable bust-stuff, then directed the nipple to my mouth where I tongued it into erection before gripping it firmly between my lips and stretching it away from its now puffy surround.

Barbara's eyes were closed and her mouth partly open as I worked over her gravity-stretched mammaries. She began breathing with increasing speed as I intensified the attention I was giving her monumental, distended tit-sacks. They trembled and shuddered as I mauled, pummelled, squeezed, slapped and smothered the wobbling melons with my hands and mouth.

"Barbara," I groaned and gritted my teeth, "where do you want me?"

She opened her eyes, looked down at me and grinned.

"Ready...so soon?"

I could only nod, desperate for release though she hadn't touched my cock expect for the brief lick.

She moved quickly, replaced her boobs over my face with her butt and

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dropped onto me in a 69 position. I was just able to flick her cunny-lips with my tongue as I felt my super-stretched organ drawn into the warm moisture of her mouth. Then I erupted every bit as violently as on the previous afternoon. As I felt her swallowing my entire load, I was also aware of her body spasming in front of me as my tongue completed the job that the massage of her breasts had begun . . .

She smiled coyly as we dressed, and wiped her lips delicately with a tissue. "That's much more convenient in the office," she said, "it makes it unnecessary for me to shower immediately. Now I really must let Radcliff think he will have persuaded me to recommend preservation of the paintings, after all the poor man *has* been kept hanging around rather a lot!"

"You mean you've already decided? I queried.

"Of course—there was *never* any real danger we'd flood the site once we heard about the paintings," she replied.

"So why did we have to come?" I was a little perplexed.

She gave me an old-fashioned look.

"I really wanted to meet you, Peter," she admitted. "you have quite a reputation among certain female academics . . . and you're every bit as committed a devotee of the mega-tit as the gossips say! Anyway, I bet you've enjoyed the trip!"

I was speechless. For all my scholarly enterprise, it seemed that it was my breast-worship that was best known, certainly in some circles (or maybe spheres). But, on further consideration, maybe that had its benefits. After all, I *had* enjoyed the trip as Barbara had guessed and, in the end, the cave paintings had been saved.

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SANDY'S DEBUT

We're excited about our new discovery, Sandy, making her GENT debut this month. We also selected her for our cover since we know that it's only a matter of time until she'll be grabbed by every magazine around...those who have an interest in slender beauties with big tits, that is. Sandy is a perfect specimen of the slim but astoundingly slung type of woman. She's not very tall (5'4"), but has a glorious pair of 42 inch breasts on a slender (24 inch waist, 35 inch hips) figure. According to photographer Donald Milne, Sandy is working as a secretary for a local police department...and we'll bet a lot of cops hang around the station house.





One clue as to whether a model is new to the business is that she usually won't take her panties off... at first. As far as we know, Sandy has only appeared in one other U.S. magazine (*Cavalier*, September) and she was only topless there, too. But what a top! And what a figure! Her breasts, as you can plainly see on the opposite page, are orbs of perfect proportion, with small, distinct areolae and nipples and a figure that is stacked just right.



The slope, the shape, the form and suspension of Sandy's breasts add up to peaks of perfection. They are outstanding!



We're all impressed by a pair of big breasts, but the true aficionado of hooters goes further in analyzing what makes a truly outstanding set of tits. First, of course, is size... and we seldom consider anything under 40 inches as outstanding. But then there is the overall shape. Are they full and perfectly formed? Do they hang heavily from the chest, sloping out at just the right angle? Are they very close in size and symmetry? Are the nipples and areolae placed just right on their creamy orbs? Are there lots of obvious stretch-marks... or have they been pampered by being held in a bra? Photographer Donald Milne's shots of Sandy answer all of these questions.



Gent's New Video

"The Big Tit Orgy"

Abandon yourself to the sights and sounds of an uninhibited big tit orgy! (See page 7 for 5 pages of outtakes.)

Five of the big bust world's sexiest stars have gathered at a friend's house to share some raunchy girl talk and compare their latest sexual encounters. What follows is a series of very arousing scenarios featuring the Cajun Queen, Miss Twin Towers, Lotta Topp and Nejla (the Arabian Treasure Chest). First, the Cajun Queen uses her 56EEE-cup whoppers to tip a randy taxi driver for a ride that neither will soon forget. Then 55-26-38 Lotta Topp tells the story of a hotel maintenance man who had to use bolt cutters to remove her stubborn bra before using another tool to satisfy her womanly cravings. Next, the amazingly endowed Twin Towers shares her story of the horny masseur who gives her more than she bargained for in a session that leaves them both totally drained. Finally, Nejla's tight pussy is penetrated to the hilt in her most lusty fuck scene ever. Of course, all of this bone stiffening action is building to the climactic orgy scene which ends with orgasms for everyone! Triple-X rated—80 minutes. **\$69.95**



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BIG TOP CABARET: One of the most lavish videos ever produced for GENT's readers, the "Big Top Cabaret" stars the same cast as "The Big Tit Orgy" but is a completely different movie. The story takes place in a cabaret where Ron Jeremy is the MC for 90 min. of hot and humorous X-rated action. The girls do it all from exotic dancing to public sex. It's a tit-man's dream show. **\$69.95**

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LAS VEGAS GIRLS: Famed Las Vegas talent scout/photographer Dave Auerbach's best D-cup discoveries are featured on this 60 min. video. Five former GENT models, including **Patty**, **Denise Swenson** (above), **Robyn**, **Cindy** and **Angel** are shown in explicit solo footage and some lez action. You won't find these busty Vegas chubettes on any other video. (See page 37 for more.) **\$49.95**



GOOD N' PLENTY: Four popular GENT models star in this glossy 84 min. feature from Caballero. **Tammy** (above and pp. 69-73) goes all the way in two enthusiastic scenes as do **Nejla** and **Ebony Ayes**. **Patty Plenty** stars in a solo sequence as she porks herself with a dildo before being joined by Nejla for some hot pussy licking. See page 17 for a complete review. **\$59.95**



BIG BUSTY #22: The sensational **Nicole Reed** is introduced in this new 60 min. video from Big Top. The 48-22-36 Nicole is perfection—from her pretty face and humongous tits right down to her tiny waist and flaring hips...even this girl's navel is sexual perfection! Nicole stars in two R-rated sequences with X-rated footage of two other GENT models in-between. **\$59.95**



SECRETS OF THE SEX THERAPISTS: You'll fall in love with beautiful and bouncy **Debee Ashby** (last month's covergirl and centerfold) in this 90 min. English-made video. The full-bodied "Page 3" girl is irresistible in her topless scenes and there's plenty of very hot R-rated action supplied by a huge supporting cast of chesty English starlets—including **Georgina**. **\$69.95**



MISS TWIN VOLCANOS: This is the video that introduced 60-34-42 Miss Twin Volcanos to the world. Billed as the most buxom model we've ever featured in GENT, the honey-colored love goddess proves more than a handful for the two studs who take her measure in this 60 min. classic. If you missed this record breaking vid the first time around, here's another chance. **\$59.95**



ERUPTING VOLCANOS: Miss Twin Volcanos returns in this 60 min. sequel a full two inches bigger in the bust. This is hardcore at its best as she is impaled in scene after scene in every explicit show-all position. This mammothly endowed woman loves to fuck and whimpers contently as her boyfriend's white cock brings her to many orgasms. The best just got better! **\$69.95**

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Meet Savida

Get to know GENT's newest discovery personally and intimately through this 30 minute videotape.

The editors of GENT are pleased to announce the third in our series of 30 min. videos spotlighting our newest and brightest discoveries. These videos bring to your TV screen the same models and editorial style that have made GENT the leading showcase for full-figured femininity. Our latest edition features October centerfold Savida, a Hawaiian-born beauty of the slim-and-stacked variety. You'll enjoy Savida in all stages of dress...and undress as she models bikinis and sexy lingerie before getting totally nude for a no-holes-barred posing session. You'll get an insight into what she's really like during her candid interview and you'll get wet with Savida in a soothing hot tub and watch in amazement as her huge hooters jog their way through an exercise session. Don't be the last one to meet Savida!

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